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Poetry.

Original.

THE OLD BIRD'S NEST.

BY ANN LINDEN.

The pure, white snow, as it often will,
Came down like a blessing, unseen and still;
Till each crevice was filled to the brim, and more,
And the earth a feathery mantle wore.

Each old, brown stump, since yesternight,
Had a huge, new cap, of snowy white,
And the trees that all summer wore robes of green,
Appeared in dresses of silvery sheen.

And there, on a locust, thus gaily dressed,
On the topmost bough, hung a last year's nest;
The darling home of a dear, little bird,
Whose clear, glad song, I had often heard.

Ye may call it weak, but I think e'en yet,
How I gazed on that nest, till my eyes grew wet;
For it whispered in words I could well understand,
Of a loving, but broken, household band.

I thought of the mother's kind words of love,
As sweet as the notes of the fond brooding dove;
Of the father, called his work to leave,
By the twilight dim, and the breeze of eve.

I thought of childhood's gleesome shout,
As its cheerful voice on the breeze rung out;
Of the summer eve, with its starry light;
Of the low-breathed prayer, and the kind good-night.

I thought how those voices, whose accents stirred
Every pulse of love, may have since been heard,
Breathing words of guile, or loud in strife—
I fear for their weal, in the battle of life.

Though my pathway with love is o'ershadowed and blest,

Yet sadly I think of that lone, little nest;
For it whispered in words I could well understand,
Of a loving, but broken, household band.

From Sartain's Magazine.

THE FOUNTAIN.

BY RICHARD S. NILLIS.

I.

Deep within a quiet valley,
Burst a fountain forth to light,
Burst, and sprang instinctive upward,
For its source was on the height.
But its bright and eager waters,
Left not far their crystal track,
Bonds invisible detain'd them,
And they fell exhausted back.

II.

On that fountain's mossy margin,
Still, at eve, I sat reel'd,
Listen'd to the fountain's music,
Wish'd I might its chains unbind!
Thought, though hands unseen extending
Still drew back its silver rain,
Airy arms would soon receive it—
Soon as cloud, 't would mount again.

III.

In my bosom's quiet valley,
Bursts the fount of life its sod,
Bursts, and strives instinctive upward,
For its lofty source is God;
But that striving spirit fountain
Gains not far its upward track,
Bonds invisible detain it,—
Oft it sinks exhausted back?

IV.

On that fountain's crystal margin,
Sits a spirit, still reel'd,
Radiant now, with silver pinion,
But a soul, from earth refin'd!
Still that gentle spirit watches,
Waits till mine shall rend its chain,
While its pinion, half unfolding,
Lures me still the height to gain!

Michelet, the historian, the Priest-condemner, the Church antagonist, gives his hand (at the altar, for the bride so wills it) to the Mad-le-Maillerat, a fair young creature, born and bred at the Court of Vienna. The worthy professor, although somewhat in the sere and yellow leaf, has succeeded in captivating the affections of a young lady of great beauty and some fortune, and just nineteen years of age.

Tales.

Original Translation.

THE RICH MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

On a winter-evening, when Mr. Onner, with his children, Allwin and Theodore, sat by the chimney-fire, a black-sealed letter was brought in, which he read with visible emotion. After he had read and again read it, he folded it slowly together, and holding it for a long while between both hands, he looked thoughtfully at the fire. The children looked at their father with intense expectation. At last, he broke the silence and said:

"Do you remember yet the splendid palace in the environs of Hamburg, which we saw, the last year, on our journey, and which contained so much to excite your admiration?"

"You mean the Faery-castle," said Allwin, "which lies in the beautiful plain of the river, and already, at distance, makes such a splendid impression. O, what a costly house!—All the walls were decorated with the most beautiful paintings; all the stairs and saloons with statues."

"O, I see yet the splendid room," interrupted Theodore, "where the most beautiful flowers, butterflies and Birds of paradise were painted on light blue silk tapestry, as if they were alive; and the cabinet of natural history, where we saw so many foreign animals."

"But the most beautiful," said Allwin, "was, however, the park, which appeared to us like an unlimited landscape, and reminded us of all that we have heard of Faery gardens. The marble temples, the foaming waterfalls, the still and cool grottoes,—all these stand yet before my eyes, and I know quite well, how we were surprised in every open place, by something new and beautiful."

"Just there was it," added Theodore, "where the gold and silver-pheasants frightened us, which were flying up so quickly. What a crowd of rare birds was to be seen, and how did we wish to be able to enjoy all that for ever and ever." "You called the possessor of these things, very happy," said the father, "and I reminded you, if I am not mistaken, that one must wish much more in order to be able to enjoy such a possession."

"You said," interrupted Theodore, "a sick person would yet be rather indifferent to all these goods, and he who had an uneasy conscience, could not enjoy them at all."

"One, also, would want friends, who would enjoy it with us," added Allwin.

"So it is, my children," continued the father, "and the history of the man, to whom that splendid house belonged, proves but too much, the truth of this remark. He died a

few days ago, and this letter gives me the news, that at length the wish has been granted for the fulfilment of which he had so long lived. He had wished to die."

The children desired to know wherein the misfortune of the rich man had consisted.—The father satisfied their wish, by the following narrative:

Adams (so this rich and unhappy man was called,) was the son of a little trader in Lower Saxony, who died, very early, in indigent circumstances, and left behind this son and an only daughter. A distant relation of the deceased, interested himself for the boy, and brought him to a merchant in Hamburg, as an apprentice. The daughter was obliged to seek service. Adams was a boy of excellent abilities. He endeavored to please his master, attended to his affairs with great fidelity, and knew, moreover, how to gain time for the acquirement of pleasant and useful knowledge. This zeal remained not unrewarded.—His master distinguished him, soon, above his other servants, entrusted to him the most important affairs, and saw them prosper in his hands. Several undertakings, which he had hazarded at the advice of Adams, succeeded beyond all expectation, and brought him soon into the possession of a fortune, which increased every day by prudent management. As an acknowledgement, he made his servant his partner. Adams enjoyed his luck without insolence. He transacted his business with facility, and as it afforded him, often, an opportunity for traveling, he made use of this to increase his knowledge and to form his taste. His horizon enlarged itself more, from day to day; his character gained in firmness; intercourse with men of the most different kinds, gave him dexterity; and so it was no wonder, that, every where, he met with esteem and love.—The rich sought his company, because he was amiable; the poor his advice, and often his assistance, and, every where, was he ready to advise the best, and help as much as was in his power. You can easily believe, that, with these sentiments, he forgot not his poor sister. Indeed, he reclaimed her from indigence, and married her to an excellent curate, who loved her and was placed in a very convenient situation, by the assistance of Adams.—After the lapse of some years, his former master became ill and as he lost every hope, even before his physicians, of recovering, he caused his partner to come, and said to him: "I shall live not much longer; it is time that I settle my affairs. To-day, I will deposit my will, in which I have appointed you my only heir. You deserve this, for you have administered, faithfully, my property, and increased it ten-fold. It will prosper in your hands, and I have no fear that the hard earnings of my life, will be foolishly scattered, after my death. The children of my sister are excluded. They have not accommodated themselves according to my wishes and I am convinced that they anticipate my death with pleasure."

All these circumstances, I know mostly from Adams, himself. I once transacted some business with him, and years ago, made him a visit. He opened to me his whole heart.—When he came to speak on this point, he exclaimed:

"O me, unhappy! I believe myself to stand on the summit of my happiness, at this discovery, I anticipated not, that fate had laid, for me,

a dangerous snare. Urgent affairs," he continued, "obliged me to make a little journey, which I hoped to finish, early enough to find my friend yet alive. Heaven had decided otherwise. My affairs were protracted, unexpectedly; he died during my absence, and only some months after his death, I returned home, in order to take possession of my inheritance. The next relations of my deceased friend were a nephew and a niece, who, I know not whereby, had excited his indignation.—Their course of life was perhaps not the most regular, and they had contracted heavy debts, in hopes of inheriting the property of their uncle. On the first news of the death of the rich relation, they had hastened to the place, and had caused the will to be opened. The unexpected contents of it, put them into the most violent consternation; they broke out into the most violent execrations against me; they made attempts to annul the will of their uncle—but in vain. Thus deceived in all their expectations, pursued by their creditors, they saw themselves obliged to flee. It was said they had gone to England."

Adams now took possession of an immense fortune, which yet increased, daily, by luck and application. The possession of a beautiful and amiable wife, heightened his happiness, and within two years, she bore him a son and a daughter. Then it was, that he built the beautiful and elegant house, which you so much admired. He had seen much on his travels, and possessed extensive acquaintances with artists and connoisseurs.

He made use of these and you have yourselves, seen what a number of the most beautiful decorations he had collected. In that charming abode, he lived the happiest days, in the bosom of his family, and in a pleasant circle of intelligent friends, whom his wealth, and the agreeableness of his house, gathered around him. Adams depicted to me the happiness which he then enjoyed, in the most lively colors. "All my wishes were fulfilled," said he, among other things; "or rather, my happiness surpassed all that I ever dreamt of. When I sat at the side of my beautiful and amiable wife, before my house, and balanced my children on my knees, I believed I saw a paradise at my feet, and imagined myself ruler of it. But the happy lot which had fallen to me, from Heaven, had turned my eyes from Heaven. I had forgotten the mutability of all human happiness. Alas! then, first, when the noblest and best part of what I called mine, was lost. I thought again of God, and my anxious heart was looking out for him whom I had forgotten in my joy.—You see my suffering," he added, "and yet is that which you see, only a small part of it."

When Adams said this to me, he was lying in a small room of his country-seat, into which no ray of the sun penetrated, on a bed, the curtains of which were opened but seldom. An incurable gout had taken hold of nearly all his limbs, and had attacked so much his eyes, that the least shine of light was intolerable to him. The least motion caused him the most acute pains. He rarely received a visit, and his widowed sister was the only person, whom he might bear in his room, and who was permitted to take care of his wants. His house was a desert; and where one formerly used to hear the voice of joy, now only sounded the anxious sobs of an in-

curable patient. Adams had just then some tolerable moments. When he saw that I was afflicted by his state, he pressed my hand and said, "I will open to you my whole heart.—You take an interest in my unfortunate situation, and I feel myself easier, if I can lay down my grief in a participating bosom."

He went on, after a little pause: "I had lived six years in the most happy situation, when my affairs called me to London where I was obliged to stay several months. It was the first time, that I was absent, so long, from my family. My longing to return, was extreme, and I enjoyed little of the pleasures of the immense city. My heart felt great anxiety, and the presentiment of a great misfortune, seemed to press upon it. One day, I passed a place where preparations had just been made for hanging some highway robbers. I felt not the least desire to witness this sight, but, as I heard, accidentally, in the crowd, that one of them was a German, I made farther inquiries.

"Imagine my consternation, when I heard the name of Olivier—the name of the man, whom my former master had disinherited in my favor. I was hoping for a moment, that it could prove to be somebody else; but when I cast a glance to the place of execution, the same man stood upon the ladder, in whose deranged countenance, I discovered, but too clearly, the well-known features of the Disinherited. I was thunderstruck at this terrible discovery. I hastened home, without knowing what I did, or what had happened to me. Scarcely had I recovered myself from my first dismay, when I received a letter from my wife, in which she wrote to me, that our daughter was confined by the scarlet-fever, and that, also, the first symptoms of the disease became visible on my son.—She begged me to be quiet, and to hope the best. This news would have frightened me, under all circumstances; but at this moment, crushed me completely. It appeared instantly certain to me, that the case of my children was hopeless; and I brought, I know not myself how, their danger, and Olivier's unfortunate fate, in sad connection. What I had not yet ventured to think plainly, stood in this dreadful moment, clearly before my soul.—I said to myself: 'Thou art the cause of Olivier's crime and death. Thou possessest the property which belonged to him; thou possessest it, because thou hast said no word in his favor, and hast not endeavored to reconcile his uncle to him. Now, when this unfortunate man, whom despair has driven from his country, suffers the punishment for a crime, to which his helplessness forced him, thou sufferest, in thine anxiety for thy children, a double death, and dost penance for the carelessness, with which thou hast visited the misfortune of the disinherited. I had now, no easy moment in England. I was obliged to go home, and fortunately, a vessel was found, which was just ready for starting, and the image of my children stood always before my eyes. Alas! I should not see them again.

"Whilst I was driving about on the sea, the darlings of my heart had become a prey of death. I was hardly disembarked, when I hastened to my country-house. Night came on, before I had arrived, and I saw, at a distance a part of the house, strongly lighted; in

the dark rooms, lights were moving sometimes, to and fro. My uneasiness was indescribable; and although I was driving rapidly, yet the carriage seemed to me to stand still. At length we arrived; I hastened up stairs.—Nobody not me. I threw the illumined saloon open, and saw my wife in her coffin!"

Adams stopped at these words, folded his hands, and appeared lost in the remembrance of his grief. Then he went on:—"I will not describe to you my feelings. My grief was unlimited. I fell down, insensible, by the coffin in which my beloved spouse lay smiling. A violent fear seized me; I was in paroxysms, for several days, and the physicians gave me up. But, alas! I had not yet emptied the cup of my sufferings; I recovered, contrary to all expectation. From this time my house, which had been before the dwelling of joy and contentment, appeared to me as an open grave, which had swallowed my beloved.—Wherever I went, wherever I directed my eyes, I saw nothing but the traces of departed joys, after which I sent, in vain, my tears and sighs. But even the enjoyment of a woful sadness, was not granted to me: for Olivier's dreadful figure pressed itself between the dear shadows of my children and beloved wife. I saw him waking and sleeping. How often did I start, in mortal anxiety, from my bed, when I saw him in *dreams*, strangling my children, or throwing them into the flames of my house, or demanding my possessions, which he called his legitimate property! These dreams seemed to me more and more to be the voice of conscience. My best goods were gone and what I still had, gave me pleasure no longer. I looked upon this, as a proof that I possessed it with injustice."

"Alas! my friend," continued Adams, with a sigh, "I would have been happy, if my conscience had acquitted me on this point. I could reproach myself, in no manner, with having acquired, in an illegitimate manner, the will of my friend: but had I done the least to mitigate the severe resolution, by which he disinherited his next relations? This omission tormented me now, and I put to my account, Olivier's deeds and his death. It was wholly in vain, that I struggled against this thought: it returned always again; and if I had removed it during the day, it seized upon me more powerfully in the night. Once, when I was turning about, disquietly, in my bed, it occurred to me suddenly, what I had not yet thought of, that Olivier had a sister, and that he had fled away with her. This thought fell upon my heart with new force.—But equally fast; a weak glimpse of consolation shone to me from it. 'God be praised,' I exclaimed, 'perhaps I can yet repair a part of my wrong. I will save her, wherever she may be.' With these words, I arose and made instant preparations for my departure. Nobody guessed my intention, for I had confided my sorrows to nobody. All believed that the death of my family was the cause of my sadness. I came to London. After unspeakable trouble I obtained some news of the person whom I was seeking; but the traces of her existence were almost lost, and what little, I heard, was not calculated to console me. From all I learned it was probable that she had gone to America. I hastened after her, even there; but without success. Thus, I lost several years in fruitless endeavor;

and finally, returned home, more downcast than ever. The many journeys the dangers which I had undergone, the uneasiness which never left me—all this had broken my strength, and I sunk gradually in the helpless state, in which you see me now. My health is irrecoverably lost: my riches are odious to me: and all my hopes are put upon death, which will release me from my sufferings, and lead me back into the arms of my consort, and of my children."

This is the history of the deplorable man, whom the neglect of a single humane action, had rendered so unspeakably unhappy. Only a very noble man, could accuse himself so strongly an account of such an omission, and could feel so long a repentance. After he had passed several years in the saddest manner, his sister died, whose presence and care had alleviated his sufferings. This new misfortune hastened his death. When he felt the approach of it, he thanked God with indescribable joy, that he would release him finally from this state. For his sufferings had separated him long ago from the world, and he longed for Heaven, and rest in the grave.

Thus the narrow and dark grave can become dearer to man than the most brilliant palace! So little can the possession of external goods make us happy, if it is not connected with the possession of the highest good, the internal peace, the concord with ourselves, and the testimony of a good conscience.

From the Cherry Valley Gazette.

AWAY-UP-IN-THE-COUNTRY.

Mr. Editor:—On Tuesday evening last, I got on board the Steamer North America, (lying at the foot of Barclay st., N. Y.,) preparatory to making a trip of *discovery* up river; and, truly, I have fallen upon the prettiest spot in New York State. But more of this anon.

We left the New York pier at 5 P. M. and shot out into the river, ahead of all competitors. We soon left the Empire City far in the distance, and the cloud of smoke that always hangs over it like a funeral pall, was lost in the distance. Ere this, I had discovered that there was a number of Mohawk River Raftsmen on board, from whom some fun might be expected. The representative from Africa went his usual rounds, ringing his bell and crying,

"All dose as havn't paid dar fare
Step to the Cap'n's office—you'll find him dar."

I was lounging on deck, near the Captain's office, when the leader of the raftsmen, as I afterwards learned he was, strode by me towards the office and protruded half of his anatomy through the window.

"Captin'," said he, with the nasal twang, peculiar only to the Yankees, "I want fifty cents wurth o' ride up ter Albany."

"Do you want a berth?" asked the Captain.

"A berth! in course I du."

"That will be fifty cents more, sir," said the Captain, very politely.

"Fifty cents more! yeou get eout; deount you try to come it on me neow, for I have traveled on this drink a cussed sight longer than yeou hev."

Thus saying he took his passage ticket, and was soon whispering to his friends. They

each, separately, went to the Captain's office and purchased their ticket, after which they retired *en masse* to the cabin.

I like fun, practical or otherwise, and I also strolled down into the cabin, thinking that something was a-foot. Without pulling off a boot, coat, or hat, they each unceremoniously got into "a barth." An Ethiopian was near the ladder, and said,

"Show your ticket, sir?"

The question, or demand, (it was neither one nor the other,) was too much for the raftsmen.

"I say, stranger, if yeou don't leave this crib and me quicker than log-rollin', I'll show yeou how much yeou look like tu lengths of that 'ere stove pipe."

"It's the custom here—"

"Cuss the custom!—*Mohawks!*" and a dozen sun-burnt faces protruded from behind the curtains. "As the feller said in the Bowery Theater last night,

"I call my men, when 'tis my will,
They're free to kick, pull hair, or kill."

Mohawks, du yer duty!" and in a moment they were all standing on the floor, but the nigger had vanished. Silence did not reign long, for in a short time after the Mohawks had got snugly ensconced behind the red damask again, one of the pseudo clerks made his appearance, and demanded of the ringleader fifty cents for his berth. The nigger stood at the top of the stairs, grinning in triumph over those whom he considered he had outwitted.

"Stranger, I an't agoing to gin you no fifty cents for this barth, so make yourself easy, and leave."

The clerk pulled out a large bowie knife, and demanded authoritatively a remuneration for the bed.

The Yankee drawled out a word or two, unintelligible to the writer, and then yelled at the top of his voice, "*Mohawks!*"

The same number of visages made themselves conspicuous as before.

"Stranger, will you leave the alley?" said the Yankee.

"No, I will stay [here until I get paid for that berth, or my kinife makes acquaintance with your short ribs."

"*Mohawks!* your lives and barths are at stake. Present!"

Directly under each man's chin peered out seemingly a huge revolver loaded to the muzzle. I actually believe I turned pale; the looks of the raftsmen were so determined; their implements (apparently) so deadly in effect, and their aim so unerring. I thought it was carrying a joke too far. Upon the presentation of these dark messengers of death, the clerk took but one step and he was on deck and the door locked. The tall Yankee looked at his '*Mohawks*' with a knowing leer, saying,

"*Keep your butes off, boys; keep your bute legs well doubled up, and they'll du for shuttin' irons agin, when the Captin' comes down.—Only show the muzz!e, and keep in your barths!*"

"Baggage for Hudson," sounded on deck, and in three minutes I was in Hudson.

COLUMBIA COUNTY, N. Y., April 15.

Most men would suffer a far greater martyrdom in *living* the truth, than in *dying* for it.

Biography.

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

Memoir of the House of Rothschild.

In the middle of the last century there lived, in the town of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, a husband and wife of the Hebrew persuasion, who lavished all their cares upon a son, whom they destined for the profession of a school-master. The boy, whose name was Meyer Anselm Rothschild, and who was born at Frankfort in the year 1743, exhibited such tokens of capacity, that his parents made every effort in their power to give him the advantage of a good education; and with this view he spent some years at Furth, going through such a curriculum of study as appeared to be proper. The youth, however, had a natural bent towards the study of antiquities; and this led him more especially to the examination of ancient coins, in the knowledge of which he attained to considerable proficiency. Here was one step onwards in the world; for, in after years, his antiquarian researches proved the means of ramifying his connexion in society, as well as of opening out to him a source of immediate support. His parents, however, who were noted as pious and upright characters, died when he was yet a boy, in his eleventh year; and on his return to Frankfort, he set himself to learn practically the routine of the counting-house.

After this we find him in Hanover, in the employment of a wealthy banking-house, whose affairs he conducted for several years with care and fidelity; and then we see opening out under his auspices, in his native city, a germ of that mighty business which was destined to act so powerfully upon the governments of Europe. Before establishing his little banking-house, Meyer Anselm Rothschild prepared himself for the adventure by marrying; and his prudent choice, there is no doubt, contributed greatly to his eventful success in the world.

About this time a circumstance is said to have occurred, to which the rise of the Rothschilds from obscurity is ascribed by those who find it necessary to trace such brilliant effects to romantic and wonderful success. The Prince of Hesse-Cassel, it seems, in flying from the approach of the republican armies, desired as he passed through Frankfort, to get rid of a large amount in gold and jewels, in such a way as might leave him a chance of its recovery after the storm had passed by. With this view he sought out the humble money-changer, who consented reluctantly to take charge of the treasure, burying it in a corner of his garden just at the moment when the republican troops entered the gates of the city. His own property he did not conceal, for this would have occasioned a search; and cheerfully sacrificing the less for the greater, he re-opened his office as soon as the town was quiet again, and re-commenced his daily routine of calm and steady industry. But he knew too well the value of money to allow the gold to lie idle in his garden. He dug it forth from time to time as he could use it to advantage; and, in fine, made such handsome profits upon his capital, that on the duke's return in 1802, he offered to refund the whole, with 5 per cent interest. This of course was not accepted.

The money was left to fructify twenty years longer, at the almost nominal interest of 2 per cent; and the duke's influence was used, besides, with the allied sovereigns in 1814, to obtain business for "the honest Jew" in the way of raising public loans.

The "honest Jew" unfortunately died two years before this date; in 1812; but the whole story would appear to be entirely a romance or greatly exaggerated.

In 1812, Rothschild left to the mighty fortunes, of which his wisdom had laid the foundation, ten children—five sons and five daughters; laying upon them, with his last breath, the injunction of an inviolable union. The command was kept by the sons with religious fidelity. The copartnership which they were left remained uninterrupted; and from the moment of their father's death, every proposal of moment was submitted to their joint discussion, and carried out upon an agreed plan, each of the brothers sharing equally in the results.

We may mention another circumstance, which, on various occasions, must have contributed largely to the mercantile success of the family. Although their real union continued indissoluble, their places of residence were far asunder, each member of the house domiciling himself in a different country. At this moment, for instance, Anselm, born in 1773, resides at Frankfort; Solomon, born in 1773, chiefly at Vienna; Charles, born in 1778, at Naples; and James, born in 1792, at Paris. The fifth brother, Nathan, born in 1777, resided in London, and died at Frankfort in 1837. The house was thus ubiquitous. It was spread like a net work over the nations; and it is no wonder that with all the other things considered, its operations upon the money market should at length have been felt tremblingly by every cabinet in Europe. Its wealth in the meantime enabled it to enjoy those advantages of separation without the difficulties of distance. Couriers travelled, and still travel, from brother to brother at the highest speed of the time; and these private envoys of commerce very frequently outstripped, and still outstrip, the public expresses of government.

We have no means of giving anything like the statistics of this remarkable business; but it is stated in the 'Conversations Lexicon,' that in the space of twelve years from 1813—the period, we may remark, when war had ruined all Europe, and when governments were only able to keep themselves afloat by flinging themselves upon posterity—between eleven and twelve hundred millions of florins (£110,000,000 to £120,000,000) were raised for the sovereigns of Europe through the agency of this house, partly as loans, and partly as subsidies. Of these, 500,000,000 florins were for England; 120,000 for Austria; 100,000,000 for Prussia; 200,000,000 for France; 120,000,000 for Naples; 60,000,000 for Russia; 10,000,000 for some of the German courts; and 30,000,000 for Brazil. And this, it is added, is exclusive of those sums for the allied courts of several hundred millions each, which were paid as an indemnity for the war to the French, and likewise of the manifold preceeding operations executed by the house as commissioners for different governments, the total amount of which far exceed the foregoing. This, however, may al-

ready be considered as antiquated authority; for, in reality, the vast business of the firm can hardly be said to have commenced till after the dozen years referred to had expired. Since the year 1826, the house of Rothschild has been the general government bankers of Europe; and if it were possible to compare the two circles of transactions, the former would seem to dwindle into insignificance.

In 1815, the brothers were appointed counsellors of finance to the then Elector of Hesse; and in 1826, by the present Elector, privy counsellors of finance. In 1818, they were elected to the royal Prussian privy commerce. In Austria, they received, in 1815, the privilege of being hereditary landholders; and in 1822, were ennobled in the same country with the baron. The brother established in London was appointed imperial consul, and afterwards consul-general; and in the same year, (1822,) the same honor was conferred upon the brother resident in Paris. The latter, the Baron James, has the reputation of being the most able financier in France; and it is mainly through his assistance and influence with the other capitalists that railways are now intersecting the length and breadth of the land.

Nathan, the brother who resided in England, left four sons, three of whom rank among the most distinguished aristocracy of the British capital; the fourth, Nathan, residing in Paris. The eldest, Lionel de Rothschild, is privileged, as a British subject, to bear the title of an Austrian baron: his brothers being barons only by courtesy. The second has been recently created a baronet of England, as Sir Anthony de Rothschild; and the third, Baron Meyer, is now high sheriff of Buckinghamshire. Baron de Rothschild was invited by the Reform Association to stand as a candidate with Lord John Russell for the representation of London in the present Parliament, and was returned third on the list. It will have been observed that a consultation was held by the chancellor of the Exchequer with this hereditary financier, before ministers ventured upon their late celebrated letter, authorizing the Bank of England to extend its issues.

The traveler who from curiosity visits this street—a true specimen of the times when the Jews of Frankfort, subjected to the most intolerable vexations, were restricted to this infected quarter—will be induced to stop before the neat and simple house, and perhaps ask, "Who is that venerable old lady seated in a large arm-chair behind the little shining squares of the window on the first story?" This is the reply every citizen of Frankfort will make: "In that house dwelt an Israelite merchant, named Meyer Anselm Rothschild. He there acquired a good name, a great fortune, and a numerous offspring; and when he died, the widow declared she would never quit, except for the tomb, the unpretending dwelling which had served as a cradle to that name, that fortune, and those children."

"Dennis, darlint, och, Dennis, what is it you're doing?"

"Whist, Biddy, I'se trying an experiment!"

"Murder! what is it?"

"What is it, did yer say? Why, its giving hot water to the chickens, I am, so they'll be after laying boiled eggs!"

Sketches of Travel.

THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ.

The neighborhood of the cataracts is inhabited by a peculiar race of people, who are neither Arabs, nor negroes, like the Nubians, whose land joins to theirs. They are of a clear copper color; and are slightly but elegantly formed. They have woolly hair; and are not encumbered with much clothing. The men wear a short tunic of white cotton; but often have only a petticoat round their loins. The married women have a piece of stuff thrown over their heads which envelopes the whole person. Under this they wear a curious garment made of fine strips of black leather, about a foot long, like a fringe. This hangs round the hips, and forms the only clothing of unmarried girls, whose forms are as perfect as that of any ancient statue. They dress their hair precisely in the same way as we see in the pictures of the ancient Egyptians, plaited in numerous tresses, which descend about half way down the neck, and are plentifully anointed with castor-oil; that they may not spoil their head-dresses, they use, instead of a pillow to rest their heads upon at night, a stool of hard wood like those which are found in the ancient tombs, and which resemble in shape the handle of a crutch more than anything else that I can think of. The women are fond of necklaces and armlets of beads; and the men wear a knife of a peculiar form, stuck into an armlet above the elbow of the left arm. When they go from home they carry a spear, and a shield made of the skin of the hippopotamus or crocodile, with which they are very clever in warding off blows, and in defending themselves from stones or other missiles.

Of this race was a girl called Mouna, whom I had known as a child when I was first at Philæ. She grew up to be the most beautiful bronze statue that can be conceived. She used to bring eggs from the island on whom she lived to Philæ: her means of conveyance across the water was a piece of the trunk of a doontree, upon which she supported herself as she swam across the Nile ten times a-day. I never saw so perfect a figure as that of Mouna. She was of a lighter brown than most of the other girls, and was exactly the colour of a new copper kettle. She had magnificent large eyes; and her face had but a slight leaning towards the Ethiopian contour. Her hands and feet were wonderfully small and delicately formed. In short, she was a perfect beauty in her way; but the perfume of the castor-oil with which she was anointed had so strong a savour that, when she brought us the eggs and chickens, I always admired her at a distance of ten yards to windward. She had an ornamented calabash to hold her castor-oil, from which she made a fresh toilette every time she swam across the Nile.

I have been three times at Philæ, and indeed I had so great an admiration of the place that on my last visit, thinking it probable that I should never again behold its wonderful ruins and extraordinary scenery, I determined to spend the day there alone, that I might meditate at my leisure and wander as I chose from one well-remembered spot to another without the incumbrance of half a dozen people star-

ing at whatever I looked at, and following me about out of pure idleness. Greatly did I enjoy my solitary day, and whilst leaning over the parapet on the top of the great Propylon, or seated on one of the terraces which overhung the Nile, I in imagination repeopled the scene, with the forms of the priests and worshipers of other days, restored the fallen temples to their former glory, and could almost think I saw the processions winding round their walls, and heard the trumpets, and the harps, and the sacred hymns in honor of the great Osiris. In the evening a native came over with a boat to take me off the island, and I quitted with regret this strange and interesting region.

I landed at the village of rude huts on the shore of the river and sat down on a stone, waiting for my donkey, which I purposed to ride through the desert in the cool of the evening to Assouan, where my boat was moored. While I was sitting there, two boys were playing and wrestling together; they were naked and about nine or ten years old. They soon began to quarrel, and one of them drew the dagger which he wore upon his arm and stabbed the other in the throat. The poor boy fell to the ground bleeding; the dagger had entered his throat on the left side under the jaw-bone, and being directed upwards had cut his tongue and grazed the roof of his mouth. Whilst he cried and writhed about upon the ground with the blood pouring out of his mouth, the villagers came out from their cabins and stood around talking and screaming, but affording no help to the poor boy.—Presently a young man, who was, I believe, a lover of Mouna's, stood up and asked where the father of the boy was, and why he did not come to help him. The villagers said he had no father. "Where are his relations, then?" he asked. The boy had no relations, there was no one to care for him in the village. On hearing this he muttered some words which I did not understand, and started off after the boy who had inflicted the wound. The young assassin ran away as fast as he could, and a famous chase took place. They darted over the plain, scrambled up the rocks, and jumped down some dangerous-looking places among the masses of granite which formed the background of the village. At length the boy was caught, and, screaming and struggling, was dragged to the spot where his victim lay moaning and heaving upon the sand. The young man now placed him between his legs, and in this way held him tight whilst he examined the wound of the other, putting his finger into it and opening his mouth to see exactly how far it extended. When he had satisfied himself on the subject he called for a knife; the boy had thrown his away in the race, and he had not one himself. The villagers stood silent around, and one of them having handed him a dagger, the young man held the boy's head sideways across his thigh and cut his throat exactly in the same way as he had done to the other. He then pitched him away upon the ground, and the two lay together bleeding and writhing side by side. Their wounds were precisely the same; the second operation had been most expertly performed, and the knife had passed just where the boy had stabbed his playmate. The wounds, I believe, were not dangerous, for presently both the boys got up and were led away to their homes.

It was a curious instance of retributive justice, following out the old law of blood for blood, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.—*Carson's Monasteries of the Levant.*

Religious.

From the Hartford Republican.

The Dweller in the Shadow of the Cross.

BY ELIZABETH M. SARGENT.

There was a Spirit missed in Heaven.—And a child awoke to a new and troubled being. Very strange were the sights and sounds to the eye and ear of the child, and its blue eyes were filled with wonder. The child was beautiful, and a halo of golden hair encircled its brows, where the sunshine lingered, and then threw off a thousand sparkles.—Deep blue were the eyes that mirrored the Heaven it had left. The child grew in years, and by and by the gray of earth crept into the blue eyes, and the halo of golden hair was dimmed, and a brown shadow rested thereon, save when in the sunshine, and then the curls threw off gleams of the golden glory. Very gay and gleesome was the child, save when, at some moments, a shadow would steal across the spirit—a shadow that dimmed the sparkle in the eye with sudden tears, like the big drops that come before the storm. The tears made holier the spirit, and washed away the stains from its whiteness. The child became a Pilgrim like its fellows, for their rest was not on earth.

Cheerful and singing it went its way, save when the Shadow fell across it. The Pilgrim knew it was but a Shadow, but there was in the soul a prophetic feeling which bade it gird itself for a stern warfare. No harm had come to it as it went its lonely way. Hours of rest the Pilgrim knew, seasons of sweet sleep—sleep wherein pale shadowy Dreams hovered over the slumberer. And the Dreams led him into the land of Symbols, and this was what he saw there:

They led him across a barren, sandy plain. The morning sun was shining brightly, but he was sad, for the way was toilsome, and a dark spirit was by his side—a dark spirit which clung to the hand of the dreamer, nor would be shaken off.

Palsied was the dreamer with dread, but still he went on, and the sun rose higher.—The heart was fainting and the soul sick with the weary road, when suddenly there rose to view a fair tree. A tree whose branches were laden with roses, all glittering with dew drops in the morning light. The Dreamer went beneath the rose tree, and a shower of dew drops greeted him, and cooled the fever of his brow. Strength gathered he from their coolness, and new life from the fragrance of the flowers.—He went his way with his new gathered strength, and sought again to shake off the grasp of the Dark Spirit. The Dark Spirit grew pale, and as the Dreamer thrust him aside, he became as one dead, and the Dreamer went on his way with his soul full of prayer for the strength given him by the dew drops and the fragrance of the rose tree.

The Pilgrim awoke, and kept the Dream in his heart. On went he through the long years, and the shadow fell across his pathway more

frequent, till at last he grew to loving its gloom.

There were many spirits who ministered unto him, and one more frequent than the others presented a crystal chalice to the lips.—Bitter was the draught to the taste, but his soul was purified by it. Very pale and beautiful grew the Pilgrim. Gray and deep grew the eyes, like a twilight sky seen through a summer shower.

At length the way of the Pilgrim was all in the shadow, and he knew that the hour had come, and when the heavy burden was laid upon him, his spirit sank not, for he was strong with Faith that had grown like a star out from the gloom that had shadowed his young years—and the star of Faith led him onward, till his heavy burden was a burden no longer, but became as *wings* to the tired Pilgrim.—And he went upward, and I saw him no more—but I pray for the Faith which was born in the Soul of the Dweller in the Shadow of the Cross.

JOHN MARK.

John Mark, cousin to St. Barnabas and a disciple of his, was the son of a Christian woman named Mary, who had a house in Jerusalem, where the apostles and the faithful used to meet. Here they were at prayers in the night, when St. Peter, who was delivered out of prison by the angel, came and knocked at the door; and in this house the celebrated church of Zion was said to have been afterward established.

John Mark, whom some very improperly confound with the Evangelist St. Mark, adhered to St. Paul and St. Barnabas, and followed them in their return to Antioch. He continued in their company and service till they came to Perga, in Pamphylia; but then, seeing they were undertaking a longer journey, he left them and returned to Jerusalem. This happened in the year 45 of the common era.

Some years after, that is to say in the year 51, Paul and Barnabas preparing to return into Asia, in order to visit the churches which they had formed there, the latter was of the opinion that John should accompany them in this journey: but Paul would not consent to it; upon which occasion these two apostles separated. Paul went to Asia, and Barnabas with John Mark to the isle of Cyprus. What John Mark did after this journey, we do not know, till we find him at Rome in the year 63, performing signal services for St. Paul during his imprisonment.

The apostle speaks advantageously of him in his epistle to the Colossians: "Marcus's sister's son to Barnabas, saluteth you. If he cometh unto you, receive him." He makes mention of him again in his epistle to Philemon, written in the year 63, at which time he was with St. Paul at Rome, adding that he was useful to him for the ministry of the gospel.

In the Greek and Latin churches, the festival of John Mark is kept on the 27th of September. Some say that he was bishop of Biblis, in Phœnicia. The Greeks give him the title of apostle, and say that the sick were cured by his shadow only. It is very probable that he died at Ephesus, where his tomb was very much celebrated and resorted to.—

He is sometimes called simply John, or Mark. The year of his death we are strangers to, and shall not collect all that is said of him in apocryphal and uncertain authors.

Scientific.

Climates of the Andes.

Humboldt, in his travels in South America, has given a sketch of the vegetation of the Andes, commencing in the torrid zone on the level of the ocean, and ascending to the region of "eternal snow." A condensed view of this sketch will enable the reader to gain a very correct idea of the distribution of plants, remembering always that altitude from the level of the sea produces the same effect upon climate and plants as traveling north or south of the equator.

1. *The Tropical Zone.*—This is called the region of palms, and extends from the level of the sea to 3,500 feet. Here grew in perfection the splendid palm family—the sugarcane, the coffee-plant, the tea-plant, the orange, the lemon, the fig, the citron, the pine-apple and the panana; also the region of the nutmeg, cinnamon, clove, and of the various fragrant and medicinal gums. Here are found, also, various and valuable kinds of wood, as the mahogany, the iron-wood, the teak-tree, and the bread-fruit-tree: the various kinds of dye-wood, as log-wood, cam-wood, &c. Wheat does not flourish at this altitude: maize, rice and millet do;—these with the bread-fruit, plantain, cassava, manioc-roots, taro-root and the yam, furnish food for more than one-third of the human race.

2. *The Temperate Zone.*—This region produces, in great abundance, the grains from which man's bread is made. Here the wine-grape is cultivated in perfection; also the apple, pear, plum, peach, cherry, apricot, &c. Some of them flourish better in the northern and others in the southern part of this region, or what corresponds thereto, the less or greater altitude.

3. *Arctic Zone.*—In passing from the Temperate to the Arctic Zone, the limit of the vegetable world is soon found: very few plants are seen above the elevation 14,000 feet. Lichens are the first that appear on the outside of the vegetable world, whether altitude or latitude be regarded. More than 2,400 species are known. As you approach the limits of the temperate zone, shrubs and herbaceous plants appear—then the ever-greens, mingled with the birch and willow. Wheat scarcely comes to maturity; some of the more common garden vegetables are produced here at an altitude corresponding to the temperature of between 60 and 70 degrees north latitude.

The dwarf birch and willow are the trees nearest the snow region; the former seldom exceeds two feet in height, and the latter is still smaller. The reindeer moss grows beyond this limit, proceeding north. As you approach the equator from the region of the dwarf birch, the common birch, the mountain ash, and the Scotch fir, two or three species of the willow, a species of the alder, the bird-cherry, the aspar, the goose-berry and the rasp-berry, are found.

Fountains.

There is on the Duke of Devonshire's estate, at Chatsworth, the *tallest* and most magnificent *jet d'eau* of which we have any account. It is called the Emperor fountain, having taken its name from its being completed about the time the Emperor of Russia visited England, four or five years ago. Its height is 267 feet, which is, beyond comparison, greater than that of the other principal jets in the world: that at Hesse Cassel being only 190 feet; St. Cloud, 160; Russian fountain, Peterhoff, 120; Versailles, 90; Park fountain, New York, 50; fountain on Boston Common, 100. A writer in Downing's *Agriculturist*, says of the "Emperor Fountain," at Chatsworth:

"It is among fountains what Niagara is among water-falls; it quite puts them out.—The hills behind the Duke's palace furnish the supply of water. The artificial reservoir or lake, which feeds it, covers eight acres, and is about 380 feet above the level of the fountain. The jet quite takes away one's breath with its living beauty. It is projected upward with a force which seems almost supernatural, and, like the fall on the American side at Niagara, it comes down, not like water, but a great shower of diamonds and floating precious stones. When there is a gentle breeze, it waves to and fro like a gigantic white plume. To see it to advantage, then, one should take a stand at some distance in the park, so that its snowy form, richly variegated, if the sun shines, is relieved by the dark background of foliage. When the wind is high, it throws the spray to so great a distance, that they are obliged to shut off the head of water."

Motive Power of Niagara.

Measurements, says a writer in Silliman's *Journal*, have been made of the volume of Niagara River, from which it appears that the motive power of the cataract exceeds, by nearly forty fold, all the mechanical force of water and steam-power rendered available in Britain for the purpose of imparting motion to the machinery which suffices to perform the manufacturing labors for a large portion of the inhabitants of the world, including also the power applied for transporting these products by steamboats and steam-cars, and their steamships of war to the remotest seas. Indeed, it appears probable that the law of gravity, as established by the Creator, puts forth, in this single waterfall, more intense and effective energy than is necessary to move all the artificial machinery of the habitable globe.

Gigantic Table-Land.

In Europe, the best example of this formation is the central or Castilian plateau of Spain—a level of somewhat more than 2,000 feet above the sea; but how insignificant this, compared with the great Gobi plain, one of the tracts of table-land of Central Asia, having a continuous surface of 300,000 square miles, (more than four times that of France,) and an elevation nearly equal to that of the highest of the British mountains; or with those table-lands of the Andes, Quito and Desaguadero, almost co-equal in area with

Ireland, and at the enormous height respectively of two miles and two miles and a half, affording a foundation to cities, villages, and the industrious works of men!—*Quarterly Review*.

Miscellany.

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

BY J. G. SAXE.

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride pride of birth
Among our "fierce democracie!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers,
Not even a couple of rotten peers;
A thing for laughter, floors and jeers,
Is American Aristocracy!

English, and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration!
So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
No heraldry Harvey will ever succeed
In finding the circulation.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the other end
By some plebeian vocation!
Or, worse than that, your boasted Line,
May end in a loop of stronger twine
That plagued some worthy relation.

THE GOLD MINES OF AMERICA.

According to a recent estimate of Professor Ansted of King's College, London, the total value of the gold mined in all parts of the world is put at £6,500,000, or about \$32,500,000 per year. This calculation allows but \$1,000,000 for North America, leaving California entirely out of the account, as her resources have not yet become sufficiently known to allow a definite determination respecting them. What California may do, we cannot tell. Estimates are placed upon her ability to furnish the world with gold all along from one and two hundred thousand to twenty millions per year. She will do well indeed if she surpasses Russia, whose mountains afford an average yield of \$20,000,000 per year.

But supposing our gold mines are capable of giving to those that delve for their riches, over thirty millions of dollars a year. Is there anything in such a prospect to intoxicate the brain of a reasonable man, when our other mines all around us are coining money for us in a much more rapid and substantial way?—Look at the products of our territory. From the Report of the Patent Office it appears that the single State of Ohio, during the year 1848, yielded twenty million bushels of wheat worth at least \$20,000,000. So that Ohio alone yields as much annual wealth as the mountain mines of Russia, and about as much as all North America, including California. During the same year Ohio produced seventy million bushels of maize, worth upwards of \$40,000,000. She yielded also thirty million bushels

of oats, worth \$10,000,000. Ohio alone can beat what we expect California to do.

The popular mind is more apt to be carried away by glittering stories of finding virgin gold scattered over plains and valleys, than by reports of a common place, every day agricultural character. It is unaccountable, that persons that are accustomed to embark in new enterprises with known caution, should overlook both sides of the story of our national wealth. Suppose that California is expected to yield us \$100,000,000 a year, say for the next five years. Every body thinks we are going to become a rich people on the instant, and forthwith all the other kinds of employment are deserted in the headlong rush into the gold excitement. But let us look at the money we annually dig out of our own soil at home.

During the year 1848, the wheat crop alone was worth, at \$1 a bushel, \$126,000,000; the maize crop at 60 cts., \$352,000,000; the hay, at \$10 the ton, \$157,000,000. Adding to these, oats, rye, buckwheat, barley, &c., a total annual value is presented us of over 750,000,000 as an estimate of the value of our gold mines at home. In fact, if all our products were counted in, after deducting the expense of labor, &c., the American soil would be found to yield to the world the round value of one thousand million of dollars per annum. By the side of such a gigantic fact, the glitter of the gold in the Sacramento valley becomes dim. Such a fact is surely worth serious contemplation from a man who expects to pay \$400 transportation money to California, when one fourth of that sum would buy him a quarter section of land in one of our new Western States or Territories, on which he could comfortably settle, with his friends and family around him.—*Hartford Courant*.

Winter in Spitzbergen.

The single night of this dreadful country begins about the 30th of October—the sun sets and never appears till about the 10th of February. A glimmering, indeed, continues some three weeks after the setting of the sun; then succeed thick clouds and thick darkness, broken by the light of the moon, which is as luminous as in England, and during this long night shines with unfading lustre. The cold strengthens with the year, and the sun is ushered in with an unusual severity of frost.—By the middle of March the cheerful light grows strong.—Arctic foxes leave their hole, and the sea-fowl resort in great numbers to their breeding places. The sun sets no more after the 11th of May; the distinction of day and night is then lost. In the height of summer, the sun has heat enough to melt the tar on the decks of ships; but from August its power declines; it sets fast. After the middle of September, day is hardly distinguishable, and by the end of October takes a long farewell to this country; the earth becomes frozen, and winter reigns triumphant.—*Scientific American*.

The Verdant Groomsman.

On no occasion, says the Springfield Republican, do people seem more prone to commit blunders than at a wedding. The following actually occurred in a neighboring town.

In the midst of a crowd of witnesses, the clergyman had just completed the interesting ceremony which binds in the silver bonds of wedlock, two willing hearts, and stretched forth his hand to implore the blessing of heaven on their union.

At this point, the groomsman, seeing the open hands reached out, supposed that it was a signal for him to surrender the wedding fee, which was burning in his pocket. Accordingly, just as the clergyman closed his eyes in prayer, he felt the pressure of two sweaty half dollars upon his open palms. The good man hesitated a moment, appalled by the ludicrousness of his situation, but at last, coolly deposited the money in his pocket, and proceeded with his devotions.

Value of a Dollar.

If you would learn the value of a dollar, go and labor two days in the burning sun as a hod-carrier. This is an excellent idea; and if many of our young gentlemen had to earn their dollars in this way, how much less dissipation and crime should we witness every day. So of our fashionable young ladies—if they, like some of the poor seamstresses of our large cities, had to earn their dollars by making shirts at two-pence a piece, how much more truthful notions would they have of the duties of life and their obligations to the rest of the world.

Newspapers in Europe.

The London Times, a daily paper, costs \$45 a year. The same rate is charged for the Morning Chronicle, Daily News, Globe, Herald and Post. The London Evening Mail is published three times a week at \$25 a year. The London semi-weeklies, \$16.50 per annum; and weeklies at \$12 and \$9. The French daily papers, the large ones, are about the same price as the London prints; those about the size of our penny papers cost \$20 and \$25 per annum. The German dailies cost \$22 to \$36 per annum.—*Bowen's N. A. Farmer*.

City of Nankin.

This city was formerly the capital of the Chinese Empire, at which time the wall around it measured 35 miles. This wall is now in ruins, as well as a great part of the ancient city. Another wall has been built around the present city, which is nearly as large as the former.

Nankin has extensive manufactories of fine satin and crape, and the cotton cloth called Nankeen, derives its name from this city; paper and ink of fine quality, and beautiful artificial flowers of pith paper, are produced there. In distant parts of the Empire, any fabric or article, of superior quality, is said to be from Nankin.

One of the most celebrated objects at Nankin, is the far-famed Porcelain Tower.

The cloth sold here for Nankin is mostly all a base fabrication, colored with the nitrate of iron, oxidized with the hydrate of lime. The real Nankin is the natural color of cotton grown in China.—*Scientific American*.

True glory consists in doing what deserves to be written, writing what deserves to be read, and making the world happier and the better for having lived in it.—*Pliny*.

MALEBRANCHE.

The greatest mathematician of his day, dreamt one night that he had a leg of mutton grown to his nose. Some philosophers, who called the following morning to see him, found him in the greatest possible distress of mind, being fully persuaded that he had that terrible leg of mutton attached to his proboscis.—Every argument of his friends, every remedy of the faculty, failed to remove the hallucination from the great philosopher's mind; and his case was given up as hopeless. However, a young surgeon was one day introduced to Malebranche, and he told him that his medical brethren, not knowing a cure for his disease, had endeavored to persuade him that he had a nose like his neighbors, but that he acknowledged the fact of the presence of the leg of mutton. If however, Malebranche would consent to an operation, he would stake his life on his success. Malebranche joyfully accepted his proposal, and the next day appeared the enterprising operator, accompanied by assistants, carrying knives, scalpels, and all the paraphernalia of the healing art. Malebranche was secured on the operating stool, and after employing every imaginable instrument, the operator skinned the good father's nose, and then squeezed it so hard, that the pain made him close his eyes. "Victory," cried the surgeon, "I've got it off!" and, lo and behold; there it was indeed, before the delighted patient's eyes. It is true that the operator had brought the leg of mutton under his coat—but Malebranche was permanently cured.

MAN IN AUSTRALIA.

Lieut. Col. Sir Thomas Mitchell describes a native guide in the interior of Tropical Australia as a very perfect specimen of the *genus homo*, and such as never is to be seen, except in the precincts of savage life, undegraded by any scale of graduated classes, and the countless bars these present in the free enjoyment of existence. His motions in walking were more graceful than can be imagined by any who have only seen the draped and shod animal. The deeply set, yet flexible spine; the taper form of the limbs; the fullness, yet perfect elasticity of the *glutei* muscles; the hollowness of the back, and symmetrical balance of the upper part of the torso, ornamented as it was, like a fine piece of carving, with raised scarifications most tastefully placed: such were some of the characteristics of this perfect "piece of work." Compared with it, the civilized animal, when considered merely in the light of a specimen of natural history—how inferior! In vain might we look among thousands of that class for such teeth; such digestive powers; for such organs of sight, hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling; for such powers of running, climbing, or walking; for such full enjoyment of the limpid water, and of all that Nature provides for her children of the woods. Such health and exemption from disease; such intensity of existence, in short, must be far beyond the enjoyments of civilized men, with all that art can do for them; and the proof of this is to be found in the failure of all attempts to persuade these denizens of uncultivated earth to forsake it for the tilled ground.

After night cometh the morning.

Old Maids.

Thoughtless young people delight in making fun of old maids. A little consideration would teach them better. Some of the kindest and truest and best of women we have ever known, were old maids. It is a pity—nay, it is cruel to wound the feelings of any one—a generous heart will not stoop to it—more especially if that one be a woman.—Alas! how little do we know of the trials and sufferings of many who are sneeringly denominated old maids! Perhaps the constancy of youthful affection—the pure and deep devotion of a first and only love, has kept many a woman single for life.

Not so great a difference after all.

One of our distinguished fellow-citizens, to whom all preachers, orthodox and heterodox, are about alike, once invited a friend to go with him to hear Theodore Parker. It happened that it was one afternoon when Mr. Parker's congregation did not occupy the Melodeon.—The preacher was Rev. Mr. Hague, a Baptist divine, not accused of very radical tendencies. Our friend's friend, however, supposed him to be Mr. Parker, and listened to him accordingly. "Well, how did you like the discourse, Mr. Spriggs," said our friend as they came out. "Why, it was very well for a sermon," was the reply, "but if it should be carried out, it would turn the world up-side down."—*Boston Chron.*

A Singular Bush.

There is a bush abounding in South Africa, significantly named *Stop awhile*. Its branches are full of thorns, exactly the shape of a fishing-hook; so that if they catch hold of your clothes as you pass, you must stop awhile, sometimes a long while, before you get clear of them. In clearing one arm from it another is caught, and without the cautious assistance of a second person there is no escaping from its hold, but by main force, and loosing part of your dress.—*Campbell.*

One Chance Left!

The following is from a New York paper: MATRIMONY.—A literary gentleman aged 35, of a mild temper, with agreeable manners and retiring habits of life, a professor of religion, would be pleased to become acquainted with a lady of similar traits of character and principles, and possessing some property, with a view of her becoming his wife. As this is no humbug, address confidentially, for one week, Sincerity, Tribune Office.

California Grammars.

Wm. E. Morford has written a letter from San Francisco, in which he says:

"I have acquired considerable Spanish, for I can assure that when your subsistence depends upon your speaking that language, you will soon jumble together enough to indicate what you want. I have found that a Spanish girl is the best grammar in the world; and since my arrival in town, I have been—*studying grammar.*"

SHADE TREES.—There are few men whose friends will build them a monument so honorable or so durable as he builds for himself who plants a shade-elm or maple.

Cabinet of Curiosities.

A few candles made of the "fat of the land."

The tail of the last catastrophe.

A few loose hairs from the "heads of a discourse."

A little water from the "pale of the church."

A few stitches taken by a Taylor in the seat of war.

Some extracts from a "volume of smoke."

The seat that the sun sets in.

Some edging taken from Cape Cod.

Some bread made of "the flower of the family."

Porter is Everything.

An Englishman once told an Irishman that porter was his *meat and drink*, and soon after Pat found him, having become heavily loaded, lying in a ditch. After surveying him for some time, he exclaimed:

"Arrah, my honey, you said it was meat and drink to you; by my sowl, it's a much better thing; for it's *washing and lodging*, too!"

"Well, Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you do to-day?" "O dear, doctor, I enjoy very bad health, intirely. This rheumatism is very disthressing, indade. When I go to sleep, I lay awake all night; and my toe is swelled as big as a goose's hen's egg; so whin I stand up I fall directly."

Disappointed in News.

The editor of the Arena, published at Killington, Ct., complains that it is hard work to edit a country paper, on account of the lack of local news and incidents. He says he expected to have had an original marriage and death for the last paper; but the sudden thaw kicked the wedding into the middle of the next week, and the doctor got sick himself and could not visit his patient, so the patient got well—and thus the announcements were lost.

Habits.

Do not fear to undertake to form any habit that is desirable, for it can be formed, and that with more ease than you may at first suppose. Let the same thing, or the same duty, return at the same time every day, and it will soon become pleasant. No matter if it be irksome at first; but, however irksome it be, only let it return periodically every day, and that without any interruption for a time, and it will become a positive pleasure; in this way all our habits are formed.

THE WAY TO ACCOMPLISH MUCH IN A SHORT TIME.—"How," said Mr. Munsel to Mr. Yates, "do you accomplish so much in so short a time? Have you any particular plan?" "I have. When I have any particular thing to do, I go and do it."

THE ANCIENT BRITONS.—In a lecture at Aberdare, the Rev. J. Griffiths has declared it a fact, that the Welsh language has been preserved so pure that the Briton of the time of Julius Cæsar might converse with ease with the Welshman of 1849.

Men are like bugles; the more brass they contain the further you can hear them. Ladies are like violets; the more modest and retiring they appear the better you love them.

THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1849.

A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair

W. L. PALMER, is our authorized Agent.

To Correspondents.

W. F. P. Your favor is received—all right. Let us have the document you mentioned, by all means; if you have not time to select, *send it all*.

Y. N. Welkum, az evvur. We send the pay-pur akkording to direkshun; lett us heer from u. Ur fonnollogy iz kappittul.

The Ladies' Dollar Newspaper—Again.

Our remarks on a notice of the "Union" which appeared in that paper, have elicited in reply, an article of considerable length, in which, after a courteous explanation, and some rather pointed criticism, the following question is asked:

"We call upon you, then, Messrs. J. M. Winchell and James Johonnot, editors of the Literary Union, now that we have made explanation of our misapprehensions, and corrected the mistakes made by the printers in spelling your names—we call upon you as men of progress, to explain to us what kind of progress you expect to make without you hold out some generous motive of emulation and progress to our 'juvenile tale-writers and poetical misses in [their] teens.'"

We would hold out sufficient motives of emulation to all; not "juvenile tale writers," merely, but juveniles of all descriptions whatever. But that writing love-stories, or inditing sentimental stanzas, is going to furnish elements of genuine progress, we cannot believe. The emulation which tends to strengthen the vanity and vitiate the taste of the subject, cannot be a healthful incentive. It is notorious that a large majority of these efforts, are made the vehicles of a sentiment as ridiculous as it is unnatural. What kind of discipline is that which simply cultivates the style of expression without improving the heart or expanding the intellect? As well might we contend that fashionable conversation, with its unmeaning commonplaces and empty periods, furnishes valuable lessons of knowledge and virtue, as that the sickly sentiment of an ordinary fashionable story, gives good practical instruction of the same kind.

We take the ground that the first duty of life, is to do good; that by benefitting our neighbor, we at once honor God and improve ourselves. It is our duty to make every body as good and as happy as possible. Observation shows that the surest foundation for happiness, is laid by a discipline which fits us for useful labor and the practice of virtue. To spend that time in follies of fancy which should be devoted to improving study, is worse than waste of time. In order, then, that the cause of Progress should prosper, we would have the young early trained to habits of industry, mental, moral, and physical. We would have the whole being developed by continuous exercise. We would have the mind cultivated and strengthened by reading, and reflection, rather than allow it to wander away in idle imaginings, till it has a shape and texture of some distinction. How many of those who early write tales and verses, ever produce any thing which can call into action the faculties of

a thoughtful mind? And if the production cannot excite thoughts very evidently there is no thought within it, and its composition was an act merely of time-killing.

No; let our youth study and think, and lay well the foundation of industrial habits. Let them educate their taste from the best models, and they will then write worthily or write not. Let their intellects be trained to labor, and their hearts to virtue; then will the Shakespeares and Bacons find their own places, and the Hodges and Laura Matildas, theirs.

Our critic calls upon us to look back upon the record of our own literary progress;—perchance that very retrospect, with its startling array of mis-spent hours, and sentiment once deep and natural, but since frittered away in false excitements—perchance that very survey may speak to us with a voice of deeper warning than we can ever convey to our readers.

National Common School Convention at Philadelphia.

On the 22d of August next, a National Convention from among the friends of Common Schools and Universal Education, will meet with the spirit of enlightened Fraternity in the City of Brotherly Love. The call says, it is hoped that the great cause of Popular Education may be advanced, and the exertions of its friends strengthened and systematized, by mutual consultation.

It is said, that among the large number who have signified their interest in this movement, are Potter, Morgan, Barnard, Magnew, Mann, Randall, Town, and many others of nearly equal celebrity.

A Local Committee of arrangements has been constituted, of which the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, President of the Board of Directors of Girard College, is President, and Alfred E. Wright, Editor of "Wright's Casket and Paper," is Corresponding Secretary.

The Committee request the State or Local Convention of Teachers, Superintendents, and Friends of Education, to appoint delegates, in numbers equal at least to the representation of the various portions of our country in the National Congress.

This, we presume, some of the Educational Associations will do, while many valuable members of the Convention will doubtless be self-appointed. It is unfortunate for the members of the N. Y. State Association that their meeting will be held nearly three weeks previous to that in Philadelphia. If one Convention immediately followed the other, the Empire State would be indeed liberally represented.

We rejoice that a National Convention of Educators is about to assemble to deliberate on the best means of improving the young—of educating the great mass of American mind. It is a noble deed—worthy of our country,—worthy of our progressive age. Compared with this great work, this intellectual learning of our country's youth, how petty seem the National Anniversaries of sects, or the National Conventions of parties. These may indeed be valuable, but a National Convention of Educators may be more valuable still.

Progress is emphatically the spirit of our time, and the most rapid progress possible, is, teaching the young every where to read and to think. This is an object worthy of the patriot, the philanthropist, the Christian. Associated action in moral enterprises—the combined efforts of willing hearts and ready hands—was never so general and powerful as at the present time.

And to none, have associated efforts been more

beneficial than to Teachers. With them, the Revolutionary motto, "Unite or die," has been changed to "Unite and live;" "Combine your wisdom and your efforts and be respected;" "Associate and improve the world."

The National Convention, we hope, will begin a National Association, that will exert a strong and salutary influence on future generations of our country and the world.

May Festival.

We were greatly pleased with the recent splendid Festival in this city, under the superintendence of Mr. Jos. A. Allen and Lady. Their superior musical and artistic ability was displayed, we presume, to entire admiration.

Such beautiful youths, so gaily attired; such glorious vocal and instrumental music, all celebrating the season of fairs and flowers, attracted and delighted, as it deserved, the largest audience we ever saw in Malcolm Hall.

We are especially gratified by the following compliment, coming as it does, from S. S. Randall, one of the finest scholars and writers in the country, and, at present, editor of the DISTRICT SCHOOL JOURNAL. Mr. Randall formerly conducted the Journal, for several years, till obliged to go South on account of his health. We rejoice to learn that he has entirely recovered it, and will devote himself again to the cause of Education in this State:

THE LITERARY UNION.

W. W. Newman, Proprietor; J. M. Winchell and James Johonnot, Editors, Syracuse.

We have lying on our table, the first five numbers of this journal, published weekly at Syracuse, and are disposed fully to concur in the high commendations which it has elicited from our brethren of the press generally. Its original articles are bold, manly and vigorous—its principles, so far as we can judge, sound and well sustained, and its selections varied and interesting to all classes of readers. At the very reasonable price of \$2.00 a year, it will form an exceedingly valuable and useful volume for permanent preservation. We sincerely trust it will be well sustained, especially by the friends of education and of human progress generally.

French Fountain Pen.

Benedict, Barney & Co.'s French Fountain GOLD PENS, with one of which we are now writing, we believe to be a superior article. They retain a large quantity of ink, and cause it to flow uniformly, and without blotting. This gives them a great superiority over others, for all who wish to write much and with despatch.

The manufacturers have long enjoyed a profitable patronage, which this style of pen, we doubt not, will largely increase.

Back Numbers.

We provided for a large number of files, which we are still able to supply, though our new subscriptions are rapidly diminishing them.

Those who wish to obtain the "Union" complete from the commencement, will do well to subscribe immediately.

Good for the Boys.

The constables of the town of Saco, Me., says an eastern paper, have been ordered to arrest all the boys that may be found in the streets during ordinary school hours, and to carry them to such place as the Superintendent of Common Schools may direct.

Educational.

Education of John Q. Adams.

No. III.

After leaving the University, young Adams entered the office of Theophilus Parsons, who was then in the practice of law at Newburyport, and who afterwards for so many years filled with dignity and ability the office of Chief Justice of Massachusetts.

Adams completed the usual term of professional study, and then commenced the practice of the law in Boston. It may encourage some who are oppressed by the difficulties attending initiation in the profession, to know, that during the first and only four years of John Quincy Adams' practice, he had occasion for despondency.

"I had long and lingering anxieties, (he afterwards said,) in looking forward, doubtful even of my prospects of comfortable subsistence, but acquiring more and more the means of it, till in the last of the four years, the business of my profession yielded me an income more than equal to my expenditures."

While in the practice of law in Boston, Mr. Adams was not well satisfied with his condition or prospects. That he was laudably ambitious to arise to distinction in some honorable line, is quite certain. But, singular as it may appear at this day, in view of his early life, and his acknowledged talents, he was not looking for, nor expecting, political preferment. These facts appear in the following passages from his diary, written at that time; and which, moreover, will be found to contain certain rules of action for life, which the young men of our country should studiously seek to imitate.

"Wednesday, May 16th, 1792. I am not satisfied with the manner in which I employ my time. It is calculated to keep me forever fixed in that state of useless and disgraceful insignificance, which has been my lot for some years past. At an age bearing close upon twenty-five, when many of the characters who were born for the benefit of their fellow-creatures have rendered themselves conspicuous among their contemporaries, and founded a reputation upon which their memory remains, and will continue to the latest posterity—at that period, I still find myself as obscure, as unknown to the world, as the most indolent, or the most stupid of human beings. In the walks of active life, I have done nothing. Fortune, indeed, who claims to herself a large proportion of the merit which exhibits to public view the talents of professional men, at an early period of their lives, has not hitherto been peculiarly indulgent to me. But if to my own mind I enquire whether I should, at this time, be qualified to receive and derive any benefit from an opportunity which it may be in her power to procure for me, my own mind would shrink from the investigation. My heart is not conscious of an unworthy ambition; nor of a desire to establish either fame, honor, or fortune upon any other foundation than that of desert. But it is conscious, and the consideration is equally painful and humiliating, it is conscious that the ambition is constant and unceasing, while the exertions to acquire the talents which ought alone to secure the reward of ambition, are feeble, indolent, frequently interrupted, and never pursued with an ardor equivalent to its purposes. My future fortunes in life are, therefore, the objects of my present speculation, and it may be proper for me to reflect further upon the same subject, and if possible, to adopt some resolutions which may enable me, as uncle Toby Shandy said of his

miniature sieges, to answer the great ends of my existence.

"First, then, I begin with establishing as a fundamental principle upon which all my subsequent pursuits and regulations are to be established, that the acquisition, at least, of a respectable reputation is (subject to the overruling power and wisdom of Providence,) within my own power; and that on my part nothing is wanting, but a constant and persevering determination to tread in the steps which naturally lead to honor. And, at the same time, I am equally convinced, that I never shall attain that credit in the world, which my nature directs me to wish, without such a steady, patient, and persevering pursuit of the means adapted to the end I have in view, as has often been the subject of my speculation, but never of my practice.

"Labor and toil stand stern before the throne, And guard—so Jove commands—the sacred place."

"The mode of life adopted almost universally by cotemporaries and equals is by no means calculated to secure the object of my ambition. My emulation is seldom stimulated by observing the industry and application of those whom my situation in life gives me for companions. The pernicious and childish opinion that extraordinary genius cannot brook the slavery of plodding over the rubbish of antiquity (a cant so common among the heedless votaries of indolence), dulls the edge of all industry, and is one of the most powerful ingredients in the Circean potion which transforms many of the most promising young men into the beastly forms which, in sluggish idleness, feed upon the labors of others. The degenerate sentiment, I hope, will never obtain admission in my mind; and, if my time should be loitered away in stupid laziness, it will be under the full conviction of my conscience that I am basely bartering the greatest benefits with which human beings can be indulged, for the miserable gratifications which are hardly worthy of contributing to the enjoyments of the brute creation.

"And as I have grounded myself upon the principle, that my character is, under the smiles of heaven, to be the work of my own hands, it becomes necessary for me to determine upon what part of active or of speculative life I mean to rest my pretensions to eminence. My own situation and that of my country equally prohibit me from seeking to derive any present expectations from a public career. My disposition is not military; and, happily, warlike talents are not those which open the most pleasing or the most reputable avenue to fame. I have had some transient thoughts of undertaking some useful literary performance, but the pursuit would militate too much at present with that of the profession upon which I am to depend, not only for my reputation, but for my subsistence.

"I have, therefore, concluded that the most proper object of my present attention is that *profession itself*. And in acquiring the faculty to discharge the duties of it, in a manner suitable to my own wishes and the expectations of my friends, I find ample room for close and attentive application; for frequent and considerate observation; and for such benefits of practical experience as occasional opportunities may throw in the way."

Educational Progress.

We are gratified to learn that the Trustees of Union College contemplate such an extension of the existing course of studies as to include the more useful applications of Science to the Arts—such as civil and mechanical engineering, agriculture, and agricultural and mechanical chemistry, &c.; and

also French and other modern languages. Many of these subjects have been there taught before, with greater or less development; but the Trustees now propose such a change in the statutes as will allow applicants the privilege of pursuing such branches of study, and *such only*, as they may consider most useful for their future pursuits. In most collegiate arrangements the student is, we believe, obliged to pursue the whole course (which can be entered upon only after much previous labor and costly preparation) before he can receive a diploma of proficiency. By this plan each student will obtain such a diploma, and in such studies, as will express his actual attainments; while to those prosecuting the usual collegiate course, and to those only, the usual collegiate diploma will be given.

In order to carry out most efficiently, these improvements, the existing Professorships in the Colleges are to be vacated at the next "Commencement," and the new system organized by the substitution of such other Professorships as will require to be at once filled, the vacancies in the remainder to be supplied as soon as the funds of the College will allow. The plan embraces Professorships of Moral Philosophy and Rhetoric; of the Ancient Languages and Literature; of Mathematics, pure and applied; of Natural Philosophy, theoretical and practical; of Natural History and Chemistry; of French and other Modern Languages and Literature; of Agricultural Chemistry, and Chemistry as applied to the Arts; of Civil, Topographical, and Mechanical Engineering; of Ancient and Modern History; of Law and Civil Polity; and of Anatomy and Physiology.

This is one step in the direction we have so often advocated, and we rejoice to see that one of our Colleges is about to be so remodeled as to assume a more popular form, not only by the extension of its departments of study, but also by the throwing open of its doors to applicants of different degrees of attainment, with liberty to each to study whatever he may desire. For our numerous young men of natural ability but limited pecuniary means of cultivating it, this change will be especially welcome; and it will doubtless be cordially received by our people, since, even in England, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have been forced by the public voice to enlarge and popularize their courses of study, in accordance with the progress of the times, to a degree which is now in that country the theme of general surprise and gratulation.—*Tribune*.

Effects of Education and Ignorance in the Provinces of Ireland contrasted.

From statistical tables, recently published, it is ascertained that a majority of the *uneducated* over the educated, is in Connaught, 542,150; Munster, 482,954.

The majority of the *educated* over the *uneducated* is, in Ulster, 389,739; Leinster, 209,832.

Offenses against person, property, and the public peace, are just about in proportion to the numbers of the uneducated, being three times as great in Connaught as in Ulster.

The following is a true copy of a letter received by a schoolmaster near Montrose, Scotland:—"Cur as you are a man of nolegs, I intend to inter my son into your skull. I am, &c."

BARRADOES.—His Excellency, Sir William Colebrook, governor, recommends that public provision be made for the establishment and maintenance of Common Schools.

Literary.

NEW BOOKS.

THE GOVERNMENTAL INSTRUCTOR; or a brief and comprehensive view of the Government of the United States, and of the State Governments, in easy lessons. Designed for the use of Schools. By J. B. Shurtleff. New York: Collins & Brother. 1849.

The title-page of this book explains its character. The general scope and design are there clearly stated. It only remains for us to say whether the author has succeeded in his object.

We think, from a hasty examination, that he has made a book which embodies a vast amount of necessary knowledge in small space, at the same time rendering the facts clearly and in interesting style.

While it is not as scientific a work as Young's First Lessons, we believe it can be understood by a much younger class of scholars.

We commend it to the notice of Teachers.
For sale by Stoddard & Babcock.

OUR CHILDREN; how shall we save them? By T. S. Arthur. New York: Oliver & Brother, 128, Fulton st.

We were very much interested in the perusal of this number of the Temperance Tales, from the fact that it forcibly illustrates one great argument against the use of alcoholic drinks; namely, the transmission of a love of intoxicating liquors, from parent to child. This great point, too often entirely overlooked by the advocates of the Temperance Reform, is set forth with touching power in this interesting tale. It appears well calculated to impress upon the mind of the parent the importance of the love of practicing what is good and right if he wishes his offspring to be possessed of pure affections.

This is the sixth No. of the series, any of which can be had of the Publishers. Price 12 1-2 cents.

THE METROPOLIS.

A new Weekly, called "The Metropolis," made its appearance on Saturday, with a large editorial force, consisting of Park Benjamin, George F. Foster, and two other gentlemen. Mr. Benjamin's character and experience as an editor, are too well known to need further mention. Foster, for some years the city editor of *The Tribune*, and more recently of the *Philadelphia Sun*, is a dashing, frisky, genial writer, with an infinite fund of good nature, a store of quaint and grotesque expressions as inexhaustible and as brilliant as the California gold, often running with his eyes open into the wildest affectations, and sometimes not a little absurd, but always overflowing with fun, frolic, and a harmless, Mephistophelian wit. He has never yet written out the best part of himself, nor done justice to his really fine abilities; but he will now have a chance to become, not merely a "City Item," but a pillar of "The Metropolis."—*Correspondence of the National Era*.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 265.

This number of Littell is mostly occupied by Croker's famous Review of Macaulay's History of England, from the London Quarterly. This document, alone, is worth more than the price of the number.

Besides this, there are articles from the Spectator and Examiner on European affairs, of the deepest interest.

For sale at Palmer's.

THE WORLD AS IT MOVES, No. 10.

We have here, as usual, the entire reprint of Chamber's inimitable Journal; a story from the French, translated for the "World;" a poem from the editor, and several other interesting articles.—We are surprised that our citizens do not largely patronize this excellent publication; they are doubtless unacquainted with its merits. It has been but a short time before the public, and cannot fail to win a high popularity, in time.

INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Walsh, our Consul in Paris, now in mature life, is said to be preparing a work on France and the French, which will embrace a history of the late revolution—of which he was a witness—and sketches of the most prominent characters therein. His work, being written in France, will be full of anecdote and incident, fresh, piquant and authentic.

Mrs. Mowatt has received a proposition to perform in the French language, at the Theater Historique, managed by Alex. Dumas, in Paris. Mrs. Mowatt is a native of France, though born of American parents, and speaks the language of the country as fluently as she does English.

Young Bracket, the sculptor, has now on exhibition in Boston, a group of statuary called "The Wreck." It represents a mother and her infant, each dead on a rock, as if left there by a descending wave. The figures are as large as life.

The democratic review has been purchased by Thomas P. Kettell, of New York, the well known writer on money matters.

Sheridan Knowles has written a book called the Rock of Rome, of a polemical character.

Ralph Waldo Emerson has been revising his numerous literary orations and addresses, and preparing them for publication. They will be published shortly by Messrs. Munro & Co., of this city, in a style to correspond with the volumes of Essays and Poems.

Miss Maria Edgeworth, the celebrated authoress, is dead.

Charles Dickens has been appointed a trustee and custodian of Shakspeare's house.

Writers for English Magazines, whose articles are accepted, receive \$40 for sixteen pages. A writer of reputation is pretty certain of \$60 for the same work.

Eugene Sue has written a work called the "Protestant Leader."

Dr. O. W. Holmes, of Boston, is to deliver the Poem before the Alumni, of Yale College, in August.

A Biography of GEO. P. BARKER, has been published in Buffalo, by Steele.

"JANE EYRE" is being translated into French, at Paris.

The "PHILOSOPHY OF THE BEAUTIFUL," from the French of Victor Cousin, is in press, by Bixby, N. Y.

Dr. Hawks has a work in press in N. Y., entitled "The Temples and Tombs of Egypt, as illustrative of Scripture History."

Correspondence.

Fresh Pond.

Cambridge, June 2, 1849.

GENTLEMEN,—You may query why I intrude any thing so apparently insignificant as a Fresh Pond upon your notice; but hear me:

Now I am aware that a Fresh Pond is, after all, nothing but a Fresh Pond, when considered only in its relation to other bodies of both salt and fresh water; but when the fact is revealed that there is a great and lucrative business connected with it in some way or other, it becomes an object of interest to all, and especially to those who have the commercial welfare of our country at heart, just as Onondaga Lake, which, in itself, cannot boast of as much as Fresh Pond, becomes consequential because there are yearly large quantities of Salt manufactured on its shores.

Without doubt, the fame of Salina Salt and Salina enterprise, has been wafted as upon the wings of the wind, far beyond where the name of Fresh Pond was never whispered; but if antiquity decides the claim to preference, then surely it must be Fresh Pond, for the works here have been in operation ever since the physical condition of our Globe would permit Fahrenheit's thermometer to indicate a temperature of 30°, and no less than Nature herself the Manufacturer. By this time you will mistrust from the atmosphere of this letter that I mean the "Ice Business." Exactly so, and no bad business either, for some of the hot days we are expecting to have.

Fresh Pond is about a mile from Cambridge, and is a fine resort for the Students of old Harvard.—The scenery about the Pond is fine, and in a clear, cool, airy day, a sail on this little inland sea is delightful. Only a few days ago, a friend of mine, who has "followed the Pond" during a College course, and a connection with the Law School of a year or two besides, invited me to visit the Pond with him to take a sail. We had a fine time; and a stout cigar, together with the gentle rocking of our snug little craft, made me feel very like as tho' I were enjoying the glorious reality of a storm at sea.

The Pond is surrounded with Ice Houses, and I manifested my interest in the business by trying to count them, whereupon my friend, who knows, gave me the following statistics: The ice taken from this Pond, alone, amounts to something in the vicinity of half a million every year; and, if I am not mistaken, the first ice-cutting as a business in a commercial point of view, was done here. Like all new projects, this too, at first, did not meet with success; but the perseverance of a single man, whose name I cannot recall, placed it upon a permanent basis. There cannot be less than 15 blocks of "Ice Houses," and one, which I should judge among the largest, my friend told me holds forty thousand tons. This is built of brick, and when I had gravely expatiated at some length upon the utility and necessity of fire-proof "Ice Houses," I felt routed and put to flight by the information, that I had hit the case exactly; for such a calamity had really happened on the shores of Fresh Pond.

Last winter, in ice-cutting time, I went to the Pond just as operations had commenced. All the snow and loose ice had been scraped off the greater part of its surface, and grooves, about two inches deep, and twenty inches apart, crossed each other at nearly right angles, which made it quite easy to break the ice, or saw it, and get it out in regular blocks, so as to pack away snugly. I am told that ice from Fresh Pond is taken to the West Indies, and to all our Southern ports round to New Orleans.

The last crop was large, and the principle seems to be established, that ice does best in a cold climate.

Very coolly yours,

R. D. J.—

News.

FOREIGN.

By the Hermann and Europa.

England.

A pistol was fired at the Queen, as she was riding with Prince Albert, by an Irishman named John Hamilton. He was immediately seized; but, as the pistol seems to have contained no ball, it is supposed the act was done to obtain notoriety.

Rumor strongly indicates a change of Ministry.

The question on the Navigation Laws is still unsettled. Free trade principles seem rapidly advancing.

Ireland continues to engage the attention of Government to a great extent.

Ireland.

A strong petition to Lord Clarendon, in favor of the State prisoners, is being prepared.

The record of death becomes daily more horrible. Famine and disease are sweeping off the people by myriads.

In one section, the farmers work by moonlight, to evade the power of the tax-gatherer.

THE LANDLORDS.—That the landlords of Ireland are by no means determined to surrender at discretion, every provincial paper affords evidence.—If the days of their power are numbered, there is still an interim for energetic exertion. Even in death the ruling passion is strong. The rights of property, and their practical applications, are triumphantly asserted. The cabin is leveled to the ground, and its inmates turned to the world.—Scorning the task of isolated ejections, or solitary exertions of power, extermination is entered into on a scale of the most extensive grandeur. Whole townlands are depopulated, parishes cleared, and in one case an entire union, that of Dingle, has been subjected to the refining process.—*Dublin World.*

Bog DUNGEONS.—In the Kilrush Union (County of Clare) several of the evicted tenantry are living in turf pits scooped out of the bogs and covered in at the top with some branches of trees. From these cavities the smoke at times is seen ascending and the passer-by would have hardly known that the bog was inhabited by a subterranean population. In one locality, there are as many as twenty of these bog dungeons, with families in them.

The ministry having deprived Smith O'Brien of his seat in Parliament, it is rumored that his constituents intend to re-elect him, to testify their attachment.

France.

The election returns indicate a great Socialist triumph, notwithstanding the intriguing of the Government.

Not a Legitimist has been returned from Paris.

Marshal Bugeaud lost his election by four votes.

Sergeant-Major Boichot, on news of his election, was released from his prison at Vincennes.

The Abbe Chatie, chief of the "French Catholic Church," has been imprisoned, on a charge of planning an insurrection against the Government.

The people indulge in manifestations of joy at the election result, though in a peaceful manner.

Disturbances have again occurred at Lyons.—The soldiers refused to act in quelling the riot.

Similar difficulties occur in other cities. Cries of "Down with the Priests and Legitimists," are frequent.

The Moderates are beginning seriously to investigate the Socialist principles.

Ministerial changes are expected to be made.

A violent debate has taken place in the Assembly, on the Russian intervention. Propositions for an immediate declaration of war against Russia and Austria, were urged by many speakers.

A remark made by Considerant, in the Assembly, aroused the anger of Pierre Bonaparte, who gave him the lie in a most unceremonious manner. The shipment of troops for Rome, continues.

The Ministry have attempted to pass a law allowing Gen. Changarnier to retain command of the army in Paris. He is a noted Legitimist, and has illegally held his station of Commander-in-Chief, since the inauguration of Louis Napoleon. The Assembly rejected the bill.

There would seem to be an understanding between the President and the Holy Alliance.

A rumor reached Paris that M. D'Harcourt, former Minister at Rome, was on his way home with a treaty concluded between the Romans and French.

Italy.

The Neapolitans have been forced to fall back to defend Naples.

A mission had been dispatched from Rome to England.

The Spaniards fled without firing a shot.

Large bodies of armed men continue pouring in to Rome, which is being strongly fortified.

The conduct of the Austrians, after entering Leghorn, was most brutal.

A Provisional Government has been formed in Sicily. In a late engagement, the Sicilians fought desperately and defeated the Neapolitans.

The French soldiers are not inclined to fight against the Romans.

Advices from Bologna are contradictory. Some state the city to have surrendered; others say that it still holds out, though bombarded almost to ashes, and suffering frightful loss of life.

Venice still holds out, with great bravery.

Hungary.

The rumors are favorable to the patriots. Pesth is said to have surrendered to the Magyars; the Croats have been defeated by Perczel, and it is even said that a large body of Russians have been defeated by Bem, and disarmed; also, that a large number of the Russian officers had joined his ranks.

There are supposed to be 128,000 men with 20,850 horses, in Gallicia.

The Austrian Emperor has issued another proclamation to the Hungarians.

Russia.

Nicholas has issued a *Ukase* to his subjects, and recognized the Republic of France.

He is making vigorous preparations for the Hungarian war.

Germany.

In Germany, insurrection, or the probability of it, and commotions exist everywhere.

The Frankfort Congress has voted to depose the Arch-Duke John, from the Regency, and elect another.

Nearly all the Conservative members have resigned their seats.

The King of Prussia has issued a proclamation to his people, condemning revolt, and promising a Constitution.

Berlin and Mayence are in a state of siege.

Baden and Bavaria are in open insurrection.

The war between the Danes and Prussians, continues without any decisive result.

The whole island of Brandenburg is in a state of revolt.

Order reigns at Dresden.

India.

The last rights of the Sikh have been surrendered to the British.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Crevasses.

We are still compelled to use the *plural* for these disasters. The one at Sauve's has hardly been attacked by Mr. Grant, and therefore it is too early to form even an idea respecting his probable success. One thing, however, is certain, and that is, that he has commenced the work perfectly unshackled, with plenty of means, and that his success or failure must be a personal matter. The breach at Fortier's, on the opposite side, is still open, and has ruined the crops of several noble sugar plantations. Above, the water has extended in the rear for the distance of 18 miles, and below it has "joined issue" with the flood which broke through at the Powder Magazine. The Crevasse at Tunisburg, still continues open, and our own opinion, when seeing it yesterday afternoon, is that it will not be stopped with the present force.

A fresh break occurred yesterday evening, in the Levee on Gen. Lacost's plantation, near the English Turn, and on the opposite bank of the river. When we heard from it, the water was rushing through at a fearful rate, and threatened to do much damage.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

The Delights of Living in New Orleans.

The N. O. Bulletin says:—"We would advise all who live in the inundated districts, to beware of the gangs of *snakes*, which, driven out by the water, seek the shelter of houses. Already we have heard of several persons being bitten, (one of whom has died,) and in consequence we deem it proper to advise our friends to keep a bright look-out for the reptiles. All who know their habits, understand well their *penchant* for a comfortable *coil* between the sheets of a bed, or a snug retreat under the pillow, and any one must certainly allow that in either case they would be dangerous bedfellows.—We therefore recommend a thorough search before retiring at night."

What a precious place! To turn down your sheets at night, after having thanked heaven that you have escaped drowning during the day, and to find a rattle snake ready to embrace you, or the head of a yellow moccasin peeping from under your pillow! The common salutation in opening one's chamber door in New Orleans, must be, "wake snakes."—*Mirror.*

MINISTER FROM THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.—Felix Foresti, a resident of this city for about ten years, has just received the appointment of Minister for the Republic of Rome, for the United States.—*N. Y. Journal Commerce.*

At Gaspe, Newfoundland, a dreadful famine is prevailing. Two persons had already died of starvation, and many more were so much enfeebled by lack of food, that they were expected to die.

CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOPS.—The late General Council at Baltimore, promoted the Bishops of New York, New Orleans, Cincinnati, and Charleston, to the Arch-episcopacy—subject to the approbation of the Pope of Rome.

The *Frankfort Yeoman*, the most respectable Loco-Foco paper in the State of Kentucky, is advocating a homestead exemption law, with zeal and marked ability.

TEMPERANCE.—A correspondent of the *Boston Recorder*, states, that during the recent session of the Emancipation Convention, at Frankfort, (Ky.)

only fifty cents worth of alcoholic drinks was called for at the two principal hotels, by the 160 delegates present.

GLEANINGS.

Wm. H. Seward will deliver a Fourth of July Oration at Portland.

Wm. Cullen Bryant, of the N. Y. Evening Post, is about to sail for Europe.

The railroad of the New York and Erie line was opened from Binghamton to Owego on the 1st inst.

The number of buildings destroyed by fire at St. Louis, was 418, not including premises of little value.

By the last news from Europe there was every evidence of a good crop both of potato and grain for 1849.

The War Department has received a dispatch from New Orleans, announcing the death of Gen. Gaines, after an illness of but one hour and sixteen minutes—supposed from Cholera.

EMANCIPATION OF CHRISTIANS.—The Sultan of Turkey has issued a decree, conceding to Christians the privilege of filling the highest offices in his dominions, even those of Pacha and Vizier.

IN A HURRY.—A woman who was divorced from her husband one day last week, at New-Albany, was again married the same night.

CLIMATE OF QUEBEC.—On the 24th of May, 12 miles from Quebec, the roads were hard frozen, the pools thinly coated with ice, and the fields glistened with a prime frost.

AN IMPROVEMENT.—On one of the North River boats the plan has been adopted of furnishing meals to passengers of such articles and at such times as they may desire. The rush for places at the public table, and a score of other annoyances, are thus avoided.

Mrs. Butler has been reading with great success at Hartford.

The Committee by the Common Council of N. Y., to receive Father Mathew, have met three times.

Mr. Bain, inventor and patentee of the Chemical Telegraph, arrived from Liverpool, on Saturday, by the Niagara, and is staying at the Irving House.

Four keepers of drinking houses, died of Cholera, in New Orleans, in one street.

Chas. Fenno Hoffman, Esq., has been appointed to a \$1400 clerkship, in the State Department, at Washington, in place of Samuel L. Gouverneur, resigned.

Senator Corwin, is to deliver the address before the State Agricultural Society of Ohio.

The extent of the debts of the fascinating Countess of Blessington, who was lately in Paris, may be judged by her owing H. and J., the milliners, upwards of £8,000.

The Czar has granted the Russian Fur Company, of N. America, a new charter, with a donation of four millions of roubles.

The Wisconsin Legislature has passed resolutions instructing their Senators in Congress, to vote the passage of a law to enable the people to elect their own Postmasters.

At Newburg, the Grand Jury found a true bill of manslaughter against the pilot of the steamer Empire.

Mr. Layard, the Ninevite Antiquarian, has been appointed an attache of the British Embassy, at Constantinople, with \$1,250 a year, and the British museum has voted him \$15,000, to assist him in further researches.

Political.

"The Dignity of Human Nature,"

Is a very pretty thing in the abstract, but when human nature goes a-hunting after office, why human nature becomes a more wretched thing than canine nature in the depth of dog-days. Office hunting is the curse of the land. It spreads with greater rapidity and deeper virulence, than the yellow fever or the cholera. Men who are able to work, and able to earn their bread by the stretch of their muscles in an honest occupation, are now besieging the marble steps of the Custom House, and begging office with voices of pitiful entreaty, and petitions at least nine feet long. All the political cripples of the Political Waterloos of twenty years, have crept from their dens, and are now demanding office, in the accents of the Spanish Mendicant, who enforces his petition for charity, with a knife or a rifle bullet. Our streets are lined, our taverns are packed, our barber-shops are crammed with these Office Beggars. Petitions circulate with the speed of the telegraph. Wherever you move, you see men with anxious faces, and hands that itch for public plunder. You cannot take five steps along one of the prominent thoroughfares of the City, without confronting legions of these hungry mendicants. The political Alms-House has been let loose upon the community. Political paupers block up the avenues to the Custom House, and besiege every portal of the Post Office. In short, all the broken hacks of party, all the decayed bloods of respectable families, all the lazzaroni of politics and the leproses of the last political campaign, are out in full force, demanding bread without work, money without labor, a living at the expense of the People, and plunder from the public chest, without the incident which awaits other thieves—to wit: from two to five years in the Penitentiary.

This is a sad, a pitiful, a beggarly affair. It is degrading to humanity, and a reproach to the spirit of our institutions. Any man who would state, that ten thousand men were sent to Mexico, to rot under its mud and sand, in order that Zachary Taylor might be elevated to the Presidency; and feed and clothe 100,000 political paupers, would certainly be greeted with the surprise and denunciation of all the hacks of political warfare. And yet this statement, ridiculous as it may seem, looks very much like truth, when we survey the scenes that are now enacting around us. Ten thousand men, as good, as brave as any one of you, readers, are now rotting in nameless graves in Mexico. With the glory, purchased by the deaths of these men, Zachary Taylor was made President. And, as President, he is called upon to feed, clothe, and keep, all the political gamblers of the Union. He is asked to convert the government itself into one great Alms-House, where all the idlers and paupers of politics, may be nourished and fattened at the People's expense.

—The very thought of this national degradation is enough to sicken any man, who is not altogether lost to the last sensation of honesty. The only way to heal this degradation, is to—*Elect all Public Officers at the Ballot Box.* The present method of investing ONE MAN with the power to appoint 100,000 public servants is worthy of Russia or China; it would not be tolerated even in England; it is a lasting reproach to a republican government, and if not removed without delay, will sap the last foundation of republican liberty.—*Quaker City.*

Mr. Benton's Appeal.

To the People of Missouri:

The General Assembly of our State, at its late session, adopted certain resolutions on the subject of Slavery, and gave me instructions to obey them. From this command I appeal to the People of Missouri—the whole body of the People and if they confirm the instructions, I shall give them an opportunity to find a Senator to carry their will into effect, as I cannot do anything to dissolve this Union, or to array one half of it against the other.

I do not admit a dissolution of the Union to be a remedy to be prescribed by statesmen for the diseases of the body politic, any more than I admit death or suicide to be a remedy, to be prescribed by physicians for the natural body. Cure and not kill is the only remedy which my mind can contemplate in either case.

I think it probable, from what I observe, that there are many citizens—good friends to the harmony and stability of this Union—who do not see the Missouri instructions and their prototype, the Calhoun Address, in the same light that I see it, and in the light in which it is seen by others who best understand it. For the information of such citizens, and to let them see the next step in this movement, and where it is intended to end, I herewith subjoin a copy of the Accomac resolutions, lately adopted in that county of Virginia, and fully endorsed by the Richmond Enquirer, as the voice of the South. I do not produce these resolutions for the purpose of arraigning them; on the contrary, I see something in them to admire, as being bold and open, and the true interpretation and legitimate sequence of the Calhoun movement. I consider the Calhoun Address, and its offspring, the Missouri instructions, as fundamentally wrong; but to those who think them right, the Accomac resolutions are also right and should be immediately imitated by similar resolutions in Missouri. I produce them to enable the people of Missouri to see what it is to which their Legislature would commit the State, and what it is they have instructed me to do.

I appeal from these instructions to the people of Missouri—the whole body of the people—and in due time will give my reasons for doing so. It is a question above party, and goes to the whole people. In that point of view the Accomac resolutions present it—and present it truly; and I shall do the same. I shall abide the decision of the whole people, and nothing less.

Respectfully, THOMAS H. BENTON.
St. Louis, May 9, 1849.

The Next Presidency.

The "Democracy" have thus early begun to agitate the claims of their distinguished men for the campaign of 1852. Already have Cass, Polk, Benton, and Hannegan, been nominated. More recently the Vanderburgh (Ind.) Democrat nominates Gen. JOSEPH LANE, the slanderer of Gen. Taylor, and the Indianapolis State Sentinel faintly seconds the motion. Ex-Gov. JAMES McDOWELL's nomination in the Fincastle Democrat, is hailed in some of the Loco-Foco papers and rejected by others, who think that Virginia has furnished her quota of Presidents. The Richmond Enquirer copies the Democrat's nomination of Gov. McDowell, by request, without comment.

SENATOR BENTON.—It is said that the Whigs of Missouri will lend their aid in returning Col. Benton to the Senate. About one half of the Democrats of that State are opposed to his re-election,

Agricultural.

GRAPES.

We advise every householder who has a foot of spare room on his premises, to plant, forthwith, the best he can obtain. We could say more on this subject, but will let Dr. Underhill, of Croton Point, speak; a gentleman who has cultivated the grape for years, and has now a vineyard of twenty acres. At a recent meeting of the *Farmer's Club*, Dr. Underhill said:—

"I am asked to speak on the grape question; but I cannot in the space of an hour, give a proper view of it. I will, therefore, but sketch. The grape is immortalized in history, in poetry, in scripture, in painting. The rich architecture of antiquity, the frescoes, vases, and other beautiful works, are entwined with the vine and its precious clusters.—The tendrils of the grape have enwrapped the heart of man in every country where it grows. The grape is so delicious, so salutary—diluting the blood, and causing it to flow easily through the veins,—that there is nothing equal to it for old age. In this country its use will grow, will increase, until its consumption will be prodigious. It will supplant some of the articles which destroy men, and establish the cheerful body in place of the bloated diseased system of intemperance. No disease of the liver—no dyspepsia—are found among those who freely eat the grape. This remarkable fact is stated in reference to the vineyard portions of France. Persons who are sickly, in grape countries, are made well when grapes are ripe. And this result is familiarly called the *grape cure*. In this country our attention has been long misdirected. We have spent years and sums of money on imported vines. We have proved the fallacy of all this.—The foreign grape-vine will not flourish in our own air. It only thrives under glass. I suppose that millions of dollars have been lost on these foreign vines during the past century. Climate has settled that question. Our extremes of heat and cold are incompatible with the character of the foreign vine. Time will show that our native stock of grapes will, by cultivation, gradually improve in quality. It is with them as with animals: a great amelioration follows care and proper knowledge. I spent some thousands of dollars on the foreign grape-vine without success. We want to supply our twenty millions of people with fine grapes. In 1830, France produced fourteen thousand millions pounds of grapes; of which were consumed on the tables, and exported in the form of raisins, &c., two thousand millions of pounds. Are you afraid that our market will be overstocked from the few vineyards which we have?

"There are many books on the culture of the vine, but their doctrines are generally not at all applicable to our country. Europe has the moisture from the ocean—we have the dry winds blowing over our continent. More heat penetrates our ground in one of our hot, bright days, than England has in a week. The books of Europe are an honor and an ornament to the world; but they lead us from the truth frequently, such is the great difference of the climates of Europe and America. We must here select our best native grapes; there are many, of which we have now proved the Isabella and Catawba to be excellent. Plant the vines deep, on dry soil, where there are no springs of water; slaty, calcareous, or other soils; but the drier they are, the better for the grape. A soil of brick clay will not do. The roots must be deep, to void our severe droughts. Plow the ground ex-

ceedingly deep before you plant your vineyard. I have found that, in seven years' culture, the savage musk of my Isabella had vanished. Its character is greatly changed for the better. Its pulp is almost gone; its seeds are less."—*Exchange*.

From the Maine Farmer.

Raising Onions.

FRIEND HOLMES: I have noticed considerable in your paper relative to raising onions—remedies for the onion worm, or maggot, &c., &c. I will give you my experience, for the benefit of the public.

I have discovered that the egg of the maggot is deposited in the skin of the seed, and consequently sown with the seed, as the weevil in wheat. By soaking onion seed in warm water, a little warmer than blood warm, half an hour, you will hatch out lots of live maggots. Then you may soak the seed in copperas water, or saltpeter, to kill what maggots do not hatch out in the warm water. Dust them with dry, slaked lime, and sow in good onion ground.

We should like to have this experiment tried, and see the results published in the Farmer next fall.

Raymond, March 26, 1849.

J. M. T.

Farmers, Try Experiments.

We earnestly recommend that farmers should experiment with new varieties of seeds, grasses, potatoes, fruits, hogs, cattle, sheep and fowls; new kinds of farming implements, new manures and cultivation, for it is only by well conducted experiments and accurate comparisons, (not guess-work,) that farmers can make safe and profitable "agricultural progress."

But we must as strongly advise them against attempting expensive experiments, or incurring heavy risks, because a thing is new and highly cracked up. The days of the Multicaulis fever, and Rohan Potato mania, have gone by; but other humbugs are, and will occasionally be brought forth, and wo to him that has not the bump of caution fully developed.—*Boston Cultivator*.

Drain Your Lands.

Let not a particle of stagnant water lie on the surface, nor under the surface of the lands you cultivate. One of the best of all blessings, is pure, wholesome running water. But see that it is running and not stagnant. The latter destroys all useful vegetation, all economy in working the land all health and all beauty of landscape. It is the loss of every thing, so far as it extends, and breeds malaria and diseases for cattle, and all domestic animals, equally with man. Manures are inoperative upon wet or moist lands.

A Timely Hint.

The editor of the Cultivator reminds its readers that caterpillars should be attended to in season, and that when this is done, the labor of extirpation will be trifling. He says, "one easy mode of destruction is to apply strong soap suds to the nest—if the tree is large, a swab tied to the end of the pole will accomplish the purpose effectually. Suds which have been used by the washwomen are as good as any, and by rubbing a swab on the nest—after it has been dipped into the suds—the worms are quickly destroyed."

It is a truth well established among cultivators, that land planted with fruit trees of good varieties, will yield to the acre more for man and beast than any other crops, with less labor.

Raising More Fruit.

When Dr. Dwight first removed to New Haven, there was but little fruit raised there. He urged his neighbors to plant fruit trees, but they said it was of no use, for the boys would steal all the fruit. "Plant more fruit," was the answer. Make good fruit plenty, and it will not be plundered. Fifteen years afterwards, he pointed to the abundance of fruit and the absence of pillage then enjoyed, in proof of his principle.

A Good Suggestion.

Rev. Mr. Choules, in an address on Agricultural subjects, says: "I wish that we could create a general passion for Gardening and Horticulture—we want more beauty about our houses. The scenes of our childhood are the memories of our future years. Let our dwellings be beautiful with plants and flowers. Flowers are, in the language of a late cultivator, the playthings of childhood and the ornaments of the grave; they raise smiling looks to man and grateful ones to God."

Fruit and Crops.

The Ohio papers now state that the fruit in that region is far from being all destroyed. From other States the report is equally favorable. In fact, vegetation will stand a great deal of cold without being injured, and the crops are found in a great measure recovered from recent frost, which did more destruction to the insects than to the plants. The wheat crop in every county in Wisconsin, is said to be remarkably promising. The same is said of Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Indiana and Ohio.

The Crops in Ohio.

The farmers in Preble, as well as those in the whole Miami and Madriver valleys are expecting fine crops. The Wheat looks remarkably well.—There are more acres of Wheat this year, in this portion of Ohio, than there ever has been before. We are informed by farmers that the late cold "snap" did not affect the apple crops. The peaches and cherries are much less injured than was anticipated. A good half crop of both may be expected. In Darke county, the peach crop will be very large.—*Eaton (Ohio) Register*.

The Wisconsin Wheat Crop.

We learn from every county in the State, that the Wheat crop looks uncommonly vigorous and healthy. The remark is made by the farmers that it never promised better; and it is estimated that at least one-third, and perhaps one-half more wheat will be gathered in Wisconsin during the coming summer, than in any previous season.—*Milwaukee, Wisconsin, May 9*.

A Profitable Crop.

Mr. N. Hallock, of Milton, N. Y., produced a crop of raspberries last season from three-fourths of an acre, which sold for \$330 in New-York city.

Wheat in our neighborhood, says the Denton (Md.) Journal, is heading beautifully; rye is in full head, and will soon begin to yellow for the scythe; corn is growing lively.

The farmers of Maine are turning their attention to the cultivation of flax.

PROPAGATING CURRANTS AND GOOSEBERRIES.—When you plant cuttings, remove all the buds of eyes on that part which goes into the ground. This will prevent suckers from the roots.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We subjoin a few notices which have met our eye, for the purpose of indicating the manner in which our enterprise is regarded by the press.—For the courtesy they have shown us, they will please accept our thanks:

From the *Chicopee Telegraph*.

THE LITERARY UNION is the name of a paper professing to be independent of everything, which is published weekly at Syracuse. The second number has just reached us, and is a handsome sheet. The one idea of the publication is to be progress. To furnish the public with the choicest fruits of intellectual exertion, it promises shall be its effort; to wean the public taste from a false and demoralizing literature, its high aim. If it accomplishes a portion of the work it has appointed itself to do, it will have done well. We wish it complete success.

From the *Syracuse Journal*.

THE LITERARY UNION, a weekly paper, of 16 pages royal quarto, was commenced at Syracuse, on the 7th of April last, at \$2 per year, in advance—W. W. Newman, proprietor, J. M. Winchell and James Johnnot, editors. It is neatly executed, and, judging from the number before us, we should think it a very valuable publication, of a higher and better character than many others for which the patronage of the public is solicited.

From the *Monthly Rose*, (Boston.)

THE LITERARY UNION, is the title of a new weekly newspaper published at Syracuse, N. Y. Its mechanical appearance is excellent; its literary department displays good taste; and it should be well sustained. W. W. Newman, Proprietor; J. M. Winchell and James Johnnot, Editors.

From the *Lily*.

THE LITERARY UNION.—This is the title of a new literary weekly paper, published in Syracuse, the second and third numbers of which are before us. It is in quarto form, containing 16 pages, and makes a fine appearance. It is designed to be an independent paper, and reformatory in its character. It is edited with ability, and bids fair to become a valuable accession to our periodical literature. W. W. Newman proprietor; J. M. Winchell and James Johnnot, editors. Terms \$2 a year in advance.

From the *Philadelphia Saturday Post*.

THE LITERARY UNION.—We have received the second number of a well edited weekly periodical with this title, published in Syracuse, New York. "Of the making of papers there is no end."

From the *Universe*.

"LITERARY UNION."—We welcome to the list of our exchanges a weekly paper of the above title, of which we have just received the second number. Judging from the specimen before us, its literary character, moral tone, and typographical execution, would seem to be of a high order. "The great idea which will pervade this journal," say its editors, "is PROGRESS;" and it comes out under the motto, "Independent in every thing." It is issued in royal quarto form, each No. containing sixteen pages, and is published by W. W. Newman, Syracuse, N. Y., at \$2.00 per annum in advance.

CLARK & BROTHER'S DAGUERRIAN GALLERY, Franklin Buildings, Syracuse.

LIKENESSES by the improved DAGUERRETYPE of various sizes, and of the most delicate execution, may be obtained at the above Rooms during the day, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

PRICES FROM \$1 TO \$20.

Chemicals, Plates, Cases, Cameras, Apparatus, and other materials connected with the Art, constantly on hand, and for sale at New York prices. The above articles are selected with great care, and warranted in all cases.
J. M. CLARK,
June 7, 1849.

City Drug Store.

A Large and well selected assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Dental Stock, and Fancy Goods,

Can be found at the CITY DRUG STORE, all of which are of the first quality and will be sold at reasonable prices.

N. B.—Physicians' and Family Prescriptions put up at any hour of the day or night by competent persons.

Also at the above establishment, may at all times be found a large assortment of

Choice Family Groceries,

Selected with great care expressly for City Retail Trade. Those who want pure WINES AND LIQUORS, expressly for medicinal purposes, can be supplied.

D. Y. FOOT.

Syracuse, June 4, 1849.

Watches, Jewelry, &c.,

Wholesale and Retail.

THE Subscribers keep constantly on hand, a very extensive assortment of

Watches, Jewelry, Silver-Ware, Spectacles, Clocks, Fancy Goods, &c.

Being extensively engaged in the importation of Watch movements and casing the same with Gold and Silver, we are enabled to sell at the lowest New York prices.

JEWELRY we buy directly of manufacturers, thereby saving at least the New York Jobbers' profit.

We have a large manufactory where SILVER-WARE of all kinds is made equal to any this side of the Atlantic and of SILVER EQUAL TO COIN.

SPECTACLES.

The subscribers are the sole Agents for this and sixteen other counties in this State, for the sale of Burt's Periscope Spectacles, the best glass now made.

CLOCKS of all descriptions and warranted good time keepers.

Plated & Britannia Ware of all kinds.

FANCY GOODS of every description usually kept in Stores of this kind.

We wish it to be understood that we will not be undersold.

N. B. Watches and Jewelry repaired by skillful workmen.

WILLARD & HAWLEY,

Between the Syracuse House and Post Office.

DENTAL SURGERY,

BY C. F. CAMPBELL.

Office in the Malcolm Block, nearly opposite the Car-House.

THOSE in want of the aid of a Dentist, are invited to call and examine specimens of work which will be warranted to compare favorably with the best done in this State, and at prices within the means of all.

Dr. C. would say to those in want of parts, or entire sets of Teeth on plate, that he will (in order to obviate the inconvenience which people experience from going without teeth from 3 to 6 months, which is necessary before inserting the permanent set,) furnish them with a temporary set free from expense, until the set is inserted.

Syracuse, June 9, 1849.

ANALYTICO MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 43, Second Street, BETWEEN STATE AND CONGRESS, TROY, N. Y.

R. J. WHITE, } ANALYTICAL PHYSICIANS.
H. TUBBS. }

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Syracuse, April 12, 1849.

BROWN SHEETINGS.

RECEIVED this morning at the SCOTCH WARE house Twenty Bales, which will be sold at the Manufacturers wholesale prices.

CAMERON & McDONALD

Prospectus of Littell's Living Age.

THIS work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen Political Commentaries, his highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase the variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchant, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well informed family. We say indispensable, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "winnowing the wheat from the chaff," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

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Sept. 17.

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Syracuse, May 5, 1849.

Syracuse Market, June 16.		
Wheat, bu.....	\$1 00;	Wool lb.....20a28
Flour, bbl.....	4 87;	Hay ton.....7,00 a 9,00
Indian Meal,cwt.....	1 06;	Fine Salt bbl.....75
Corn, bu.....	52;	Solar.....1,75
Oats,30;		Bag 20 lbs.....10
Barley,50;		" 28 ".....14
Rye,50;		Salt bbls.....22
Potatoes,75;		Flour.....26
Onions,50;		Sheep Pelts.....50a1,00
Beans,75;		Lamb Skins.....40a75
Apples,63;		Hard Wood cord.....4,00
Dried Apples,63;		Soft Do.....1,75a2,25
Butter, lb.....	11;	Beef on foot.....4,00a4,50
Cheese,6a7;		Pork cwt.....5,50a5,60
Lard,7a8;		" bbl.....12.00
Chickens,10;		Hams,7a8
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May 12—1w

PROSPECTUS OF

THE LITERARY UNION.

The great idea which will pervade this Journal, is **PROGRESS.**

Beyond the ordinary, though indispensable intelligence of the day, the Public has wants which our newspapers do not supply. The pretty lispings of juvenile tale-writers, and poetical misses in teens, on the one hand, and tissues of false sentiment and vicious narrative miscalled "Cheap Literature," on the other, spiced with the bitter bigotry of all kinds of partisanship, are made to satisfy the keen appetite for knowledge created by our Free Institutions. But how will the boast that ours is a reading people recoil upon our own heads, if their reading be such as will corrupt the morals and enervate the mind?

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